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DEATH OF HALLECK, THE POET.

THE death of the distinguished American poet, **FITZ-GREENE HALLECK**, took place on the night of November 19 at his residence in Guilford, Connecticut. Mr. **HALLECK** was one of the earliest poetical writers of the present century who arose to fame in this country, and together with **PAULDING**, **DANA**, **BRYANT**, **PERCIVAL**, **DRAKE**, **SANDS**, and others of inferior note, gave a powerful impulse to the higher manifestations of American literary art. Of that brilliant company of poets, Mr. **HALLECK** was among the last survivors; and his death at a ripe old age breaks another link between the present and the past. Although living of late years in great retirement, and seldom permitting any new production of his pen to see the light, he has not been lost sight of by the generation now on the stage, and his poetry continues to be cherished as a proud memorial of national genius and cultivation.

He was born, and for the greater part of his more mature life resided, in Guilford, Connecticut. His more active years were spent in the busy commercial metropolis of New York, and in pursuits apparently the most uncongenial to the development of a poetical taste. While a youth he entered, as a clerk, the banking-house of **JACOB BARKER**, of New York, one of the boldest and most prominent commercial men of his day. Here, singular as it may appear to those who do not believe that poets can be practical men, he made a reputation as an excellent accountant, and rose rapidly to the position of cashier. He afterward went into business for himself as a merchant, as he playfully mentions in the exquisite poem, "A Poet's Daughter," written for the album of a daughter of **SAMUEL WOODWORTH**, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket:"

'Tis a new world—no more to maid,
Warrior, or bard, is homage paid;
The bay-tree's, laurel's, myrtle's shade,
  Men's thoughts resign;
I'm busy in the sugar trade
  And cotton line.

In 1822 Mr. **HALLECK** visited Europe. Soon after his return he received an offer from **JOHN JACOB ASTOR** to fill a highly-responsible position in connection with the management of his vast estate, which post he occupied until the decease of Mr. **ASTOR**, when, finding himself possessed of a reasonable competence, he retired from his position in this employ, and lived for the rest of his life in his native town. He was one of the original Trustees of the Astor Library, but resigned on removing to Connecticut.

When **HALLECK** first became a resident of New York in 1803, it had assumed neither the metropolitan importance nor proportions to which it has since attained, but it lacked nothing in self-importance. Indeed, it is questionable whether Boston, with all its self-complacency, was more than a match for the good city of "Gotham" at this period. Its great men were very great men—at least in the eyes of their immediate worshipers—and their movements were recorded with as much care, if not with as much formality, as if duly chronicled in a Court Journal. Among **HALLECK**'s earliest poetical compositions were some admirable and witty hits at these very important characters—conceived in no spirit of spleen, but written with such genuine good-humor as to render his castigations popular with, if not palatable to, the good people of the town.

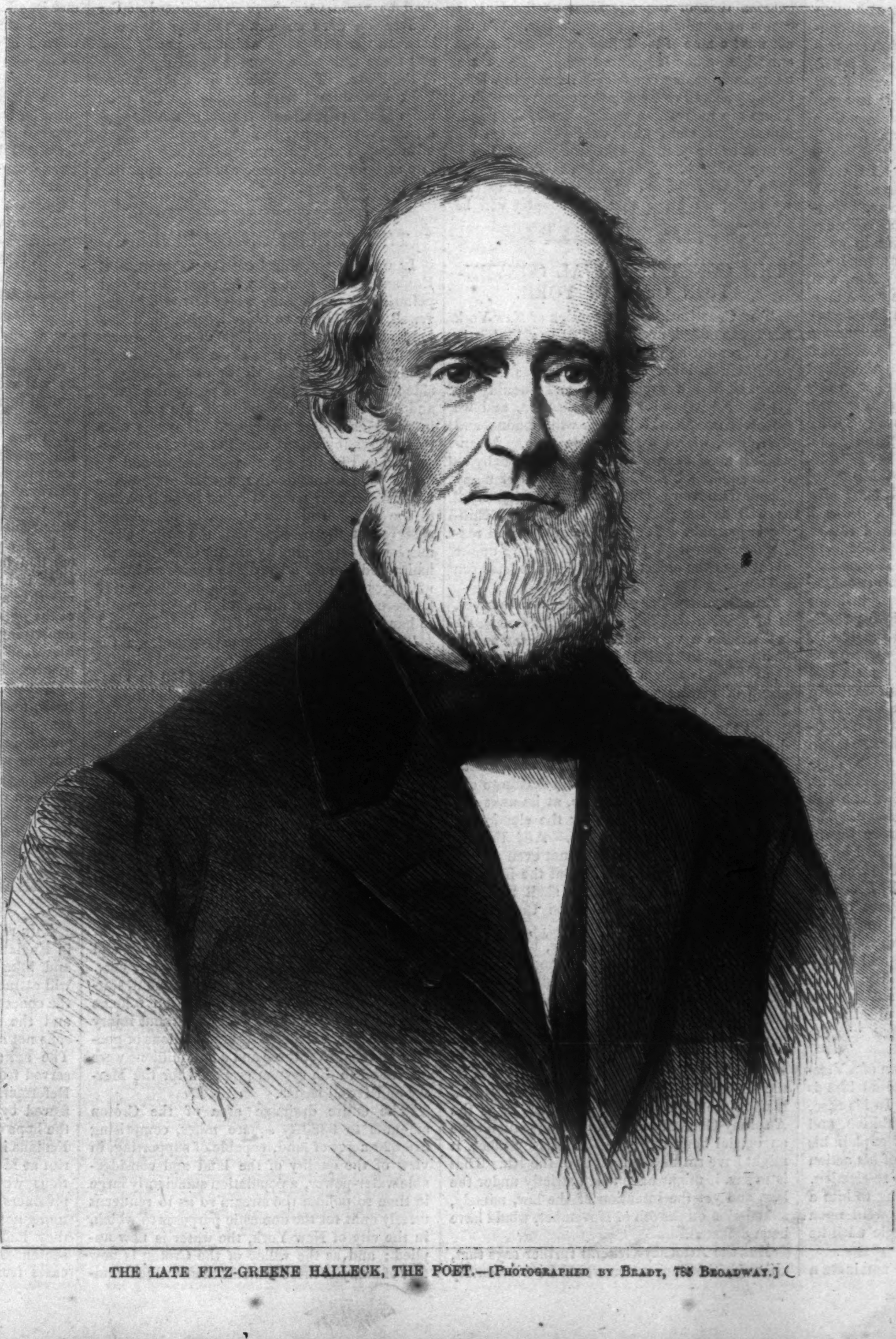
The original conception of these satires was due to **JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE**, a young gentleman of rare promise, who had already written four of them before he admitted **HALLECK** into the partnership, which continued until severed by the early death of their originator.

Previous to **HALLECK**'s association with **DRAKE** in the production of the "Croakers," he had already made his appearance, although anonymously, as an author, in a poem entitled "Twilight," which appeared in the *Evening Post* a few months previous to his acquaintance with **DRAKE**. At this time Mr. **WILLIAM COLEMAN**, a man of much literary taste, as well as a very sensitive one, was its sole editor. He was very tenacious as to the contents of the paper, and scrupulous about the productions of new contributors. When **HALLECK**'s poem was handed to him he gave it to the printer without comment, which was considered by those who knew his fastidious tastes as a remarkable instance of appreciation. He did not learn the name of its author for some months after.

"Fanny," his longest poem, in fifteen hundred lines, was composed in 1819. "Alnwick Castle" and "Burns" were composed after his visit to Europe in 1822-23, and were first published in a volume, in connection with other poems, in 1827. A collected edition of his works was published in 1852. Other editions of his poems have from time to time been issued.

When "Fanny" first appeared it attracted universal attention in New York, and was eagerly read. Apart from the admirable manner in which the story was told, it derived additional piquancy from the circumstance that every one supposed it to be a satire, and each could picture in his imagination the personages it was intended to caricature.

Although never disputatious, **HALLECK** was pretty certain in conversation to assume the weaker side, often to see what arguments could be urged by those who took the opposite; but his chief forte lay in narrating the facts with which his mind was stored. He was an acute observer of men and things, and the more impartial because he lived in a world apart from the great actors of the drama of life, neither partaking of their ambitions nor their jealousies. He was, moreover, imbued with a high sense of religious feeling. He constantly declared that all nature teaches the sublimest truths of religion; he loved to contemplate it in nature, and in man's worship he loved it best in its most idealized form, and in its most gorgeous displays. In the grand and imposing ceremonies of the Mass, amidst the peal of the organ, the rich decorations of the altar, and the burning incense, he found a more truthful delineation of his own conceptions of a befitting worship of man to his Maker than in any other.



THE LATE FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, THE POET.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, 785 BROADWAY.]

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN AFRICA.

THE young Prince **ALFRED** of England, Duke of Edinburgh, etc., etc.—the same who declined to race young **BENNETT** around the Isle of Wight, or to accept his victorious yacht, the *Henrietta*—has been elephant hunting in South Africa, and the English papers are full of his exploits. At first glance the sport would appear to be rather dangerous, but to our American huntsmen it will, on examination, prove to be not so very adventurous and daring as bear hunting in the Rocky Mountains, or buffalo hunting on the Plains. It is not unlike the English method of pheasant shooting, where a corps of huntsmen drawn up in line of battle go into the private parks and preserve grounds and shoot birds so tame that they have to be frightened into taking wing. One of our English exchanges thus describes the Prince's shooting:

> On Friday, September 6, in accordance with previous arrangements, the Duke of Edinburgh left Capetown for Simon's Bay, in order to embark in H. M. S. *Racoon* for the Knysna, a coast district, 350 miles distant from Capetown, where it was expected that good elephant or buffalo shooting would be had. The party consisted of his Royal Highness, Sir P. E. **WODEHOUSE**, General **BISSET**, Sir W. **CURRIE**, Captain **GORDON**, R.N., Captain **TAYLOR**, R.A., Mr. **OSCAR BRIERLY**, Mr. J. **RIVERS**, Mr. **CRIPPS**, and Mr. **VIGORS**. H. M. S. *Petrel* accompanied the party as a tender.
>
> The hunting party left the Knysna early on Tuesday morning, and made first for Springfield, a spot where a well-known old bull-elephant had been seen some time before. The belts of forest were searched and stalked about, and scouts were out in various directions, but with no result, and the party returned to camp. Next morning they were on the move again, and rode further up toward the Long Kloof way, a distance of some fifteen miles, where soon they were rewarded with a sight which made ample amends for the disappointment of the day before. In an open glade, between belts of forests, eleven elephants were seen together. The proper precautions and arrangements were made for stalking them without serious risk to the hunters, and shot after shot was fired among them. Several were wounded, but most of the hits produced but little effect. All the brutes managed to reach cover in the forest, through which they penetrated with loud trumpeting and resistless crash. Two of them, however, were so severely wounded that their blood-spoor could be followed for a long distance. In fact, it is still considered most likely that their wounds proved fatal, and the hunters are now searching for the carcasses. Thursday was passed without encountering any more elephants; and on Friday morning it was resolved to return to the original encampment at Springfield. Here the good fortune of the party was most marked. The hunters announced that two elephants were a few miles away, in a detached clump of trees—not more than half a mile long, by perhaps a quarter broad—while vast depths of forest were quite near on each side. It was necessary, therefore, to use every precaution to prevent their escape. Three or four separate parties were formed at different points around the centre of attraction. The dogs had roused the elephants into anger and disgust, which was plainly shown by their indignant trumpeting. One of the old hunters sent a mounted Hottentot boy to the further corner of the clump, where suddenly and unexpectedly he came upon one bull-elephant, looking sullen and ferocious as he stood there alone amidst the scrub. The moment the elephant saw the boy he charged at full speed, gaining upon him rapidly every instant, while the boy, in the utmost terror, rode toward the spot where the Prince and his party were standing, shouting out, at the top of his voice, "O God, O God! shoot, shoot!" The Prince, however, with the utmost coolness, waited until the elephant came within twenty yards of him. One shot, and then another, made the brute swerve; a volley of half a dozen balls followed, and a final ball behind the ear from Sir **WALTER CURRIE**'s elephant-gun brought the monster instantly to earth. Meanwhile, or rather shortly after, the rest of the party were engaged at the opposite extremity of the clump in getting at the second elephant, which was speedily accomplished. Shot after shot was fired at him, and within a very short time he also was added to the trophies of this princely and most successful hunt. It was now well toward evening. The party returned to their encampment more than satisfied with the result of their sport, and next morning back

again to Knysna, whence in the afternoon they embarked for Simon's Bay.

Before leaving, however, they measured the animal which had been slain. We give on page 776 illustrations of the killing and measuring of the "Prince's elephant."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1867.

THE BEST READING CHEAP.

MRS. MULOCK CRAIK'S *new Love Story, "The Woman's Kingdom," will be commenced in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for January, and will be continued through the year. It will occupy about one-eighth of each Number, and so will cost subscribers* fifty cents. *When completed, the English edition will cost 16s. sterling; about equivalent to $7.*

MR. JAMES DE MILLE'S *Novel, "Cord and Creese," now appearing in* HARPER'S BAZAR, *will run through several months. When published in book form the probable price will be $4. In the* BAZAR *its cost is about* twenty-five cents.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS'S *new Novel is soon to appear in* HARPER'S WEEKLY. *If it runs to the usual length of his stories it will occupy about one year; and when published in London the cost will be* a guinea and a half; *equal to about $11. The cost to those who obtain it in the* WEEKLY *will be about* one dollar.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied together for* ten dollars, *or any two at* seven dollars.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

EXPERIENCE has taught us that the nomination to the Vice-Presidency must be hardly less carefully considered than that for the Presidency. Three times, as we all now carefully remember, but as we shall be very likely to forget in the nominating convention, the Vice-President has succeeded to the Presidency and betrayed the party that elected him. What was the reason of so singular a fact?

The first instance was that of JOHN TYLER, of Virginia, elected upon the ticket with General HARRISON. The country had been financially prostrated. As usual under such circumstances change itself seemed to promise relief, and "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" were fairly sung into office. There was probably less reasoning and more feeling in that campaign than in any other since the Constitution was framed. The election was an act of enthusiasm, although enthusiasm was impossible for General HARRISON, and was a ludicrous idea in connection with JOHN TYLER. It was a Whig victory. General HARRISON was "a good enough" Whig for a figure-head, and JOHN TYLER was in good standing in the party. General HARRISON lived but a short time after his inauguration, and Mr. TYLER became President. He was a man probably of even less capacity than Mr. JOHNSON, and early in his term began to intrigue for the succession. For this purpose he deserted his own party, and was deserted by the other after it had used him. Like the fisher in the ballad, he slipped from the solid earth toward the outstretched arms of the false water spirit, but found no embrace, and sank hopelessly and forever.

The second instance was that of MILLARD FILLMORE, of New York, elected upon the ticket with General TAYLOR. This also was a Whig victory. General TAYLOR lived rather more than a year after his inauguration, and Mr. FILLMORE succeeded to the Presidency. The condition of the Whig party was peculiar. The Mexican war and the discussions incident to it had developed a strong anti-slavery sentiment in its ranks, and threatened to divide it. In the State of New York Senator SEWARD was known to be a political anti-slavery man, and Mr. FILLMORE was of the opposite or Southern tendency. They were in some sense also rivals; and during the year of General TAYLOR'S official life it was understood that Mr. SEWARD had more influence with him than the Vice-President had. When the Vice-President, therefore, became President Mr. SEWARD had no further influence at the White House. The vital breach in the Whig party made by the Texan and Mexican debate was widened by the compromise legislation of 1850. The Fugitive Slave Law of that year was signed by President FILLMORE, and he lost the confidence of the great body of the earnest and active Whigs. In 1852 the Whig party disappeared, and while the mass of it united with the Free-Soil Democrats in forming the Republican party, a few, like Mr. FILLMORE and Mr. WASHINGTON HUNT in New York, and afterward Mr. ROBERT C. WINTHROP in Massachusetts, drifted into the Democratic ranks.

The third instance of the defection of a Vice-President from the party that elected him is ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee. In his case, as in the others, it was political ambition, and consequent political blindness, that explain his conduct. The controlling motive of his action has undoubtedly been the hope of a re-election. The siren that charmed TYLER sang to him a little, until he lost his course and went upon the rocks; and there he will struggle until he too disappears.

The Republican party is soon to nominate a Vice-President. Its great majorities are reduced in many States. It has been obliged to carry many burdens. Every thing that is deranged by the hurricane of civil war is laid to its account. The time is undoubtedly critical. But the purpose of the loyal people of the country is unchanged, and what they ask is security that their purpose shall be wisely and faithfully pursued. The Republican party, therefore, if it would retain popular support, must show by its nominations both for President and Vice-President that its policy is to be as sagacious and practical as it is resolute and patriotic and pure. It must regild the letters that spell equal rights upon its banner, but it must show also a clear appreciation of the meaning of equal rights; a steady hostility to mere partisan intrigue and corruption; a heroic refusal to add other issues to those which are paramount; and withal a plain and practical and sagacious method of dealing with the financial difficulties, and relieving the burdens of the country.

Its nominations must be a kind of earnest of this disposition. For Vice-President its first question must be, whether it would willingly nominate the proposed candidate for President. It must consider whether he be a man of such spotless personal character, so true in word and deed, that he can be wholly trusted. It must ask whether he be a man well known to the whole country for ability, and endeared by public service and political fidelity. If the proposed candidate be such a man, every honest citizen may gladly vote for him. But if he be a mere partisan politician, with no evidence of statesmanlike ability; who, if he has been in office, has been an intriguer in the politics of his own State; who has prostituted his patronage to his own personal ambition, and has been surrounded not by the best men, but by the small men of his party; and who has been long and painfully plotting to secure a nomination—if he be such a man—and such men appear as candidates in every nominating convention—then he is precisely the one whom the party ought not to nominate. Let us put something more than a politician into the chair which may become that of the President of the United States at a moment of great gravity. We do not want a man of local, limited reputation, but one whose name is his credential. There are many such among our friends: many in whose sagacity as well as fidelity the country confides. There are men whose frank, simple, dignified, independent, and faithful public careers are the earnest of the qualities which the possible Presidency demands. Among such men let us look for a Vice-President; and then, should calamity come, we know that the country will be secure.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF NEW YORK.

THE Constitutional Convention of New York has reassembled, and is hard at work. There was never during its whole term a more evident resolution to labor earnestly. It has already accomplished a great deal, and should the present spirit inspire the Convention, and we sincerely trust it will, its task will be done, and well done, within a reasonable time. Meanwhile it must bear, with as much philosophy as it can command, the gibes and sneers of many papers friendly to "the responsible majority," as well as the ghastly humor of the Democratic journals. Yet we have pretty good reason for supposing that it will hardly give up the ghost until the object of its existence has been achieved.

The Attorney-General of the State, however, is of opinion that it is officially defunct. He has written a very extraordinary letter to the Controller, in which he suggests that the Convention is now a voluntary body, like any group of gentlemen talking politics around a dinner-table or a country caucus.

But the fact is that the Convention is a body deriving its authority from the Constitution of the State, which provides that if at the election of 1866 a majority of voters shall decide to call a Convention, the Legislature, at its next session, shall provide by law for the election of delegates to such Convention. And there it ends. The Constitution does not even require a submission to the people. But the intention is plain that the Legislature shall make all necessary arrangements for the Convention. The Legislature, as Jameson says, may provide the when, where, and how, but not the what. Consequently it can no more assume to say how long the Convention shall sit than to dictate what subjects it shall consider. If the Legislature can put an end to the deliberations of the Convention at one time, it may at another. If it could dissolve on the 5th of November the present Convention which met on the 4th of June, it could equally have dissolved it upon the 10th of June. Besides, if, as the Attorney-General declares, the Convention were an official body until the 5th of November, it might have sat until midnight of the 4th. That is to say, it might have acted strictly under the law, and yet the intention of the law, namely, submission on the 5th of November, would have been defeated.

But the Attorney-General further says that, although the Convention would be a voluntary body after the 5th of November, yet the Legislature might recognize its work and submit it to the people, and if it were ratified it would become the fundamental law. A more extraordinary proposition is not conceivable. Unless the Legislature can adopt the suggestions of any tea-party and submit it to the people as a Constitution, it can not adopt and submit the suggestions of any other voluntary assembly of persons. The Constitution provides how it shall be amended. There are but two methods. One of them is the provision of a Convention, which we have already mentioned; the other provides that if a proposition, passed by a majority elected to a Legislature, is approved by the same majority in the next Legislature, it shall be submitted to the popular vote. It certainly does not provide that, if the Legislature "recognize" any body's voluntary suggestion, it may be voted upon by the people.

In passing the law which provides for the submission of the Constitution to the people on the 5th of November, 1867, did the Legislature *intend* to dissolve the Convention at that time, or did it merely suppose that its work would probably be ended and so direct a submission at that time? If the former were the case, whence does the Legislature derive its authority absolutely to control a Constitutional Convention? If the latter, then the Controller may certainly continue to pay until the appropriation is exhausted; because it must be assumed that the Legislature did not mean to stop the payment of the Convention if its work were not done.

Whether the Convention will find it necessary to adjourn to make room for the Legislature can not yet be determined. An excellent spirit animates it. Political difference is not painfully apparent, and the debates upon the Judiciary article will undoubtedly tend to promote the general good feeling. The question of final submission has not yet arisen; but we shall be very much disappointed if it is not determined in a truly judicious manner. The debate upon the city article will be very warm. The differences of opinion are radical. But we shall be again very much disappointed if the Convention does not draw the line distinctly between those interests which are purely local and those which are common to all the people of the State. The people of the State of New York are ultimately responsible for the good order of the city, and we trust that the extraordinary proposition of the majority of the Committee upon city government to erect the city into an independent power will not be approved by the Convention.

THE POLLUTION OF RIVERS.

IF we take warning from the experience of England, the Croton may be saved from such pollution as renders the water of the Thames, Irwell, and Mersey so objectionable for household uses. The proceedings of an important meeting held a few days since in Manchester, England, at which the Mayor of the City presided, having for its object to purify the Irwell and Mersey, and their affluents, are published in the Manchester *Guardian*. It seems from this interesting report that not only is the water polluted by the deposit from sewers and the refuse from manufactories, but the atmosphere of Manchester is affected so as to be injurious to the city. The Town Clerk of Manchester observed at the meeting that the Royal Commissioners (appointed by an Act of Parliament) had asked him for a list of the trades and manufactures which produced this damage. "If he were to give that information fully, he ought to hand them a directory of the whole district."

The remedy, among others proposed, was the construction of sewers running parallel with the rivers through numerous towns (159 in number, each containing more than 500 inhabitants), for the purpose of receiving and carrying the objectionable deposits either to the sea or some suitable place, where they could be used for purposes of irrigation. The great expense of the remedy, and its injurious effect on the vast industry of numerous mills located in the basins of the Irwell and Mersey—mills, many of which damage the water by dyes and other impurities—were serious obstacles in the way of the scheme. The Conference, composed of representatives from all the towns interested in the injury, separated without determining on any particular plan, but recommended that all their local boards consider the subject maturely, and present their views to the Royal Commissioners.

Mr. HIBBERT, of the British Parliament, stated at the meeting that the irrigation scheme adopted for the Thames worked without injury to health; that it affected three millions of people; and that over three and a half millions were interested in the system proposed for the Mersey and Irwell basins.

The entire drainage area of the Croton amounts to $338\frac{82}{100}$ square miles, comprising 216,320 acres of land, capable of supporting, in view of the quality of the land and considerable water-power, a population sufficiently large in time to pollute the stream so as to render it utterly unfit for the domestic purposes to which, in the city of New York, the water is now applied; and as the valley of the Croton is now free of many of these establishments which damage the water, it is the policy of the city and State to adopt such measures as will certainly prevent its further pollution.

This drainage area comprises most of Putnam County, a large portion of northern Westchester, a part of Dutchess, and a few square miles of Connecticut bordering on those counties. The river is composed of three branches, the east, middle, and west, and of various smaller tributaries. They have their rise at elevations that reach to about twelve hundred feet above tide, and in their descent to Croton Lake, at which the reservoir for the city commences, have various and frequent falls, which constitute excellent manufacturing power. At Croton Falls, for instance, on the Harlem Railroad, fifty miles from the City Hall, where the river descends sixty feet in half a mile or more, there are already three mills in operation, a saw-mill, a paper-mill, and one for making tools. A fourth, for manufacturing paper, was in process of erection; but the owner of the power, a Mr. TOMPKINS, having been suddenly killed a few weeks ago, its erection is now delayed. The process of cleaning rags, which the paper manufacturer requires—rags often loaded with filth and poisoned with contagious matter—is not pleasant to be thought of on a hot summer's day as one is quenching his thirst from the waters into which the refuse is inevitably carried from these mills, but it is an infliction which may be borne as long as these structures along the stream are dotted at only wide intervals. It is certain, however, that water-power so near the city will be used to the utmost extent of which it is capable, and that the extensive system of lakes which mark this desirable basin (Lake Mahopac is within it) will invite a population sufficient, with all the inducements offered for residence and industry, to turn the attention of some future Mr. CRAVEN, the intelligent engineer, to the question how pollution may be corrected, at great cost, if the subject is not now handled with the attention and skill that are required.

It is easy to see that the subject is not free of difficulty. The subjection of the entire river and its affluents, and of a strip of land along its margin sufficient to prevent pollution, to the control of the city of New York, will greatly damage the extensive basin of the Croton, and keep away those forms of industry which collect large populations together; but these results must be borne, or a city capable of supporting two millions of inhabitants must ultimately suffer a still deeper injury from being deprived of pure water—a blessing now enjoyed to an extent unknown to any large city on the globe. Injury is already complained of by inhabitants of Croton valley from the appropriation of large quantities of land for reservoirs hereafter to be made, intended for stowing water, preventing the improvement of such land for building purposes. The city of New York has made surveys for fifteen of such reservoirs, at various places in Putnam and Westchester counties, which call for nearly five thousand acres of the best lands, and, although but few of them may be wanted for years, the question is now presented to each owner whether or not the survey is not of itself sufficient notice of ultimate possible use to prevent adequate compensation being awarded by the Commissioners of Assessment for improvements made subsequent to the survey. On the west branch, about sixty miles from the City Hall, one of such dams is being constructed to cover with water over 303 acres of land, a place selected after two or three others had been fixed upon and abandoned, and after it had been given out by agents of the city that any one of the fifteen might be chosen at the option of the Croton Department. This uncertainty has a damaging effect, to be further increased by such prohibition as the future may require, aimed at noxious industries.

But we see clearly that the bed of the river itself, and a sufficient margin along it to prevent pollution, must be acquired, if we would preserve the inestimable advantage of pure water, the want of which drives London to the scheme of taking from Wales, at a distance of between one and two hundred miles, and at an enormous expense, the water of rivers running through a thinly inhabited region.

ERNEST JONES ON LABOR IN ENGLAND.

THE relative situation of the different classes in England, and the complaints of oppression and injustice made by the operative classes, will attract more attention than ever in view of the concessions lately made in the Reform Bill, and the renewed agitation in behalf of persons not allowed to enjoy the right of suffrage. The agitation now existing is the more observed from the coalition between Fenians and Reformers which is expected and not a little feared by many Englishmen. It is doubtless the hope of such a coalition that emboldens the Fenians into the imprudence manifested in the riot at Manchester, and in the trials and executions which have followed that event. The prisoners convicted, one and all, gloried in tones not unlike those of EMMET in the part they had severally taken; and although the sentences passed have been mitigated in some cases from death to moderate imprisonment, the effect of the punishment of those who were executed will be of more value as an instrument of agitation than they will be of terror to like offenders. Indeed, the tone of agitators in all parts of England is so open and defiant that threats from this quarter are weighed, at least by the timid, against the power of the Government. The mere fact that in England these things can occur in open day, and with undoubted effect upon the sensibilities of the people, must attract great attention. They open the question afresh what further concessions must be yielded to the Reform movement, and at what point, if at any, agitation will be satisfied.

Mr. Jones, in a lecture delivered in Manchester during the pendency of the Fenian trials, directs his assaults mainly at the system of land-holding—the chief bulwark of the aristocracy; and he presents statistics of a very imposing character. "A constantly diminishing number of landlords owned land. In 1770 there were 250,000; now less than 30,000, of whom nearly 9000 were in Ireland. Five of the aristocracy, the Earl of Breadalbane, the Dukes of Argyle, Athol, Sutherland, and Buccleugh owned one-fourth of the land in Scotland; twelve men possessed one-half; and half of England belonged to about 150 persons." It was for this reason that out of the seventy-seven millions of acres in the United Kingdom, thirty-four millions seven hundred thousand acres were uncultivated. Labor, he claimed, was therefore driven from agriculture to the already choked manufacturing districts; that although the population from 1851 to 1861 had increased nearly 2,000,000, the agriculturists had diminished by 400,000. "More mouths to feed, and fewer hands to feed them." That only 300,000 persons were engaged in agriculture, out of thirty millions of population; and that of the 34,700,000 acres of uncultivated lands, ten millions of acres might be cultivated with advantage, giving employment to one million farmers and support to their families, amounting to say five million persons. The wages of agricultural labor in England, he said, were 12*s.*, 10*s.*, 9*s.*, and 8*s.* per week in as many counties (not taking into view the periods of non-employment every year); and the 30,000 land-owners received a clear income of £150,000,000 sterling per year. He insisted that if these 10,000,000 acres were not opened for cultivation there was no resource for the people, as the channels of manufacturing industry were full, and England is not able to compete with the Continent in manufactures without reducing the wages of labor, which to the laborer amounted to destruction.

The remedy proposed by Mr. Jones is a better tenant-right in Ireland, and the repeal of the laws of primogeniture and entail in England and Scotland. "He would not confiscate a single acre; but the rights of private property in land had their limits. Every acre of fruitful land kept out of cultivation was a national crime and a landlord's theft. Though a king gave it to him who gave it to the king? Back, back, he says, to the land."

Mr. Calhoun, in one of the stirring speeches made by him in the early stages of the war of 1812 with Great Britain, against the policy of an embargo and in favor of active measures, declared that Great Britain was then at her zenith, and that she would begin to decline. "The tide," said he, "dates its ebb from the flood." Mr. Carlyle intimates that the shoot of Niagara is in full view of the people of England. So many prophecies about the fall of English power have been made in our day, that, grave as are the present circumstances, we prefer instead of indulging in conjecture to wait, and continue waiting, as Mr. Randolph said, for the latest advices; for whenever the shoot of Niagara becomes in full view, the sturdy and determined spirit of the English people will be terribly aroused to save the solid structure of her power from internal destruction.

REDUCTION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

A stringent money market, a further advance in gold, and several mercantile failures have characterized the past few days. These disturbances have their origin in the prevailing uncertainty as to the probable action of Congress upon the financial question; and such mistrust and derangement must continue until a settled policy is reached. But a prolonged squabble without decisive result would work greater mischief than the mere letting the matter drift as it has hitherto done.

One important part of the Congressional business will be to determine the duties of the present generation respecting the reduction of the national debt.

While the war was in progress the people freely emptied their purses without stopping to count the cost, for the unity of the nation was paramount to every other consideration. They submitted to the severest exactions, trusting to the Good Giver and the future for ability to pay the huge debt which they saw accumulating. How this was to be accomplished was, of necessity, a secondary consideration then; but certainly no one imagined that it could all be paid by the present generation, under any possible conditions, any more than that the pyramids were to be completed by those who laid the first tier of bricks. Ten years ago the payment of the mere interest would have been deemed scarcely practicable. Still, with the desire and purpose to do all they could, they permitted themselves, when the war closed, to be taxed so heavily that they have been overstrained in the effort. They did not realize how much their available resources had been diminished, nor how much the country needed rest until it could recuperate. They have now discovered their mistake. They find that the wear and tear is too great for long endurance, and they demand a change of tactics, with measures of relief. Their burdens, instead of becoming lighter every year, as should be expected, have not sensibly diminished; or, if they are intrinsically lighter, the people feel them more, because the period of fictitious prosperity is past, and fortunes no longer come at their bidding. Under the present policy, the people raise an annual revenue of $150,000,000 more than is needed for government expenses and the interest on the debt. This surplus is supposed to be applied to the reduction of the principal of the debt. If there was any overwhelming necessity why this vast sum should be raised annually, the people might still attempt it; but what matters it whether our obligations are paid in thirty or sixty years? Why crush the industry and enterprise of the country in the endeavor? It is small satisfaction to hear of increased economy in the Departments and promised reduction of expenditures every where, when the people are to enjoy no relief therefrom, when the amounts thus saved are to go toward a still more rapid reduction of the debt, and not into the people's pockets.

Individuals, if they are wise, regulate their expenses according to their income. The Government regulates its income according to its expenses. It sets out to raise a certain sum annually, or as much greater sum as possible, and wears out the country in the endeavor. It gives it no time for rest, for repairing its working-tools, or inventing and obtaining improved ones. It simply exhausts, while it increases its demands. Its error lies, not in an attempted reduction of the debt (which should always be an earnest national purpose), but in reducing it with a rapidity too great for the nation's ability. England does not now overtax her citizens to pay her enormous debt; but if there be a surplus revenue, she may, and often does, so apply it. What Americans desire and need at present is a reduction of their burdens by the amount of the annual surplus raised, until such time as the recuperative industry of the country and the state of the currency shall permit them to raise extraordinary revenue with less inconvenience and waste of productive power.

As we have previously urged, the Government makes the same error as regards the contraction of the currency. It is not the policy of contraction that is to be set aside, but it is the degree to which contraction is now pressed that is to be deprecated. Or it might be deemed advisable, in view of the powerful Western inflation interests, to make a compromise, as a contemporary suggests—to declare alike against any farther inflation or contraction, but to let the growing wants of the country absorb any existing surplus in the volume of the currency.

Now, if we relieve the country of its present incubus, its wants will measurably and rapidly increase. The debt, the currency, and the question of taxation, hang so much one upon the others, that until we can ascertain whether we can be relieved from reducing the debt only through excessive taxation, there is little chance of adjusting the currency satisfactorily. The relief which $150,000,000 annually would give the country, would at once stimulate business in all directions, invite greater immigration, encourage the investment of capital, and induce all our neighbors to look more kindly upon us in a commercial point of view. It would not take long, then, to absorb the present surplus of currency, or so much of it as would render resumption of specie payments easy.

The whole question requires careful manipulation, but the general principles of a judicious adjustment are all so plain that we should think some satisfactory plan could be reached by Congressional legislation.

"CONSERVATIVE" PLANS.

After declaring that the State governments of the rebel States authorized by Congress will be tumbled into rubbish by the late rebels, whom it calls the "Southern people," the New York *World* adds: "The only thing that could prevent it would be acquiescence by the Southern whites in the Radical scheme. Whoever expects that is better entitled to a strait-jacket than a reputation."

The Richmond *Enquirer* responds in the same vein: "Northern sentiment will sustain us in resisting to the last extremity that vile scheme of Congressional Reconstruction which aims at the supremacy of the negro." And the organ of the Conservatism in Virginia which the *World* represents in New York thus welcomes the Convention about to assemble in that State:

> "To that unclean gang of human reptiles—to the mongrel renegades, the truculent black brutes, and outlawed white reprobates—the foul Frankensteins of the secret negro leagues, who are to defile the capitol of the State on the 3d of December, we bid alike open and contemptuous defiance.
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> * * * * * * * * *
>
> "The swinish 'delegates' who have been sent up by 800 negro leagues to disfranchise, tax, and confiscate the white men of Virginia will, by attempting in the face of the recent elections to commit these crimes, render their access to the Penitentiary more easy than to the places of power in this old Commonwealth."

This is the spirit which pleasingly calls itself "Conservatism." This is the Democratic tone. Is it reassuring of the "peace of the country?"

A NEW SERIAL STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

We are very glad to announce that the publication of "The Moonstone," a new serial story, by Wilkie Collins, will begin in an early Number of the *Weekly*. By a special arrangement with the author himself, the story will be printed from his own manuscript, and will be regularly issued simultaneously with its appearance in England. It will be profusely illustrated with original designs by Parsons, Jewett, and others.

Wilkie Collins is now an acknowledged master in English fiction. In that great art of the story-teller, a skillful construction of plot, and the maintenance of an intense and sustained interest from the beginning to the end, he has no rival. The "Woman in White," which the readers of the *Weekly* will remember, was one of the most extraordinary of English novels; and the opening of "The Moonstone" which we have read is not less striking than that of the "Woman in White." It has the same crisp, clear-cut description; the same strange spell of mystery, and introduces an element quite unfamiliar hitherto in the multitude of novels—which the reader will discover in due season—and which the author will be very sure to manage with the utmost skill.

We strongly urge our readers to begin with the beginning of "The Moonstone," and to follow it carefully as it proceeds, for no stories, from their peculiar construction, better repay serial reading than those of Wilkie Collins.

LITERARY.

The last little book of Goldwin Smith's, just issued by the Harpers, "Three English Statesmen," is not only of the highest interest in itself, but has a peculiarly timely application to the situation of this country, which is just emerging from a civil war. It is understood that Professor Smith is engaged upon a history of the Commonwealth and the Rebellion—a subject which can not be exhausted, and which few Englishmen could be better fitted by learning, insight, and sympathy to treat. Goldwin Smith is himself a Puritan of the highest type. He might have been the counselor of Vane and the friend of Winthrop. In a certain moral loftiness of view, in the clearest perception of the great fundamental principles of free government, in affluence and mastery of historical research, and in a nervous, idiomatic, luminous style he has no superior among living historians. The lectures upon Pym and Cromwell, in this volume, may be regarded as chapters from the history, and noble chapters they are. The portrait of Pym, powerfully and tenderly painted, will be new to many readers. Macaulay, who has been one of our chief modern authorities upon the men and times of the Great Rebellion, does not seem to regard Pym as so much a leader as Goldwin Smith describes. Smith calls him the great master of the House of Commons, and the energizing force of the early revolution, and certainly he justifies his praise. The sketch of Cromwell is not less excellent, although the incidents of his career and the general outline of his character are more familiar. Professor Smith is not blinded by his admiration, and in his criticism upon questionable points in the career of Cromwell he is both delicate and just. He does not impress the reader as an advocate, but as an intelligent and honorable judge. So in the two papers upon William Pitt, which complete the volume, the author rapidly and comprehensively sketches the tumultuous life of that statesman, perfectly just to his abilities, and plainly exposing the fatal mistakes and weaknesses of his public conduct. Incidentally, also, he reviews the part which Burke took in public affairs, and speaks of him with a severity of censure which will surprise many readers, but not those who have reflected upon the influence of the spirit represented by Burke upon society at large, as well as upon the condition of his own country at a particular time. "His philosophy," says Goldwin Smith, "afforded no firm and lofty ground of immutable faith in things unseen, from which he could form a rational estimate of political systems as things merely subservient to the higher life of man, venerable only for their utility, not to be altered without good reason; but, when there was good reason, to be altered or abolished without superstitious scruple, and destined, like all other parts of the outward vesture of humanity, to pass away before the end." It is very interesting, after the adulation with which the reaction from the French Revolution during the first half of this century covered Burke, to ponder the judgments now passed upon him by the most thoughtful scholars. In reading what Professor Smith says of Burke, it must be remembered that it is the opinion of a great historical student and a profound political thinker. There is no recent work better worth attentive study than this fascinating little volume.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

The Fortieth Congress reconvened at Washington on November 21, a majority of the members of both Houses being present.

A resolution was offered in the Senate to the effect that the public debt must be paid in coin.

In the House, on November 25, Mr. Butler introduced a bill providing for the payment of a portion of the national debt in legal tenders.

In the House, objections were urged against the admission of the Tennessee delegation, Mr. Brooks of New York declaring that Messrs. Mullins, Butler, and Arnell aided and abetted the rebellion; and Mr. Etheridge, who was once court-martialed for disloyal utterances, objected to Mr. Stokes, formerly a Colonel in the United States Volunteer army, as also disloyal.

The reports on impeachment were read in the House on November 25. The majority report favors the impeachment of President Johnson, and is signed by Representatives Boutwell, Thomas, Williams, Laurence, and Churchill. There are two minority reports. Representatives Wilson and Woodbridge, while condemning the President's actions, agree in declaring the evidence elicited before the Committee inadequate for his conviction on the charges preferred, and ask to be discharged from further consideration of the subject. Representatives Eldridge and Marshall agree with this latter opinion, but dissent from the censure of the President. December 4 was fixed upon for the consideration of the subject.

Under a suspension of the rules of the House, on November 25, a resolution forbidding the further purchase of territory by the United States officials was adopted.

NEWS ITEMS.

The *Quaker City* returned from the trip to the Holy Land on November 19.

The elections in North and South Carolina commenced on November 19, and resulted in both instances in the election of the Republican tickets by immense majorities.

An explosion of nitro-glycerine at South Bergen, New Jersey, on November 25, killed nine persons, wounded many others, demolished three houses, and damaged every other dwelling in the vicinity.

FOREIGN NEWS.

In his speech on the opening of the French Chambers on November 18, the Emperor Napoleon, referring to his actions in Italy and the defense of Rome, claimed that he was actuated only by a desire to preserve the peace. He declared that Italy had not carried out the terms of the treaty of 1866, and that in sending troops to Rome he had not intended any thing hostile to the independence of Italy.

There is serious opposition in England to participation in the European Conference on the Roman question. The proposition that the United States shall send representatives to the same Congress is laughed at in this country. America has no desire to indulge in such entanglements, and England, of late years finding herself powerless and without influence, is anxious to escape any responsibility in European affairs.

The European Conference on the Papal affairs is to be held at Munich on December 11.

The announcement is made that the great Powers and Turkey have agreed to settle the Cretan question without the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire or the further persecution of the Christians. But the Christians are to remain, as heretofore, the subjects of the Mussulman.

The Queen's Speech, on the opening of the English Parliament on November 19, gives promise of reform bills for Scotland and Ireland.

Affairs look badly in Mexico in spite of the peaceful election lately held there. General Porfirio Diaz, the unsuccessful candidate for President, has quite an army of followers at the capitol, and his successful rival, Benito Juarez, has requested General Mariano Escobedo to assemble his command there as a sort of "balance of power."

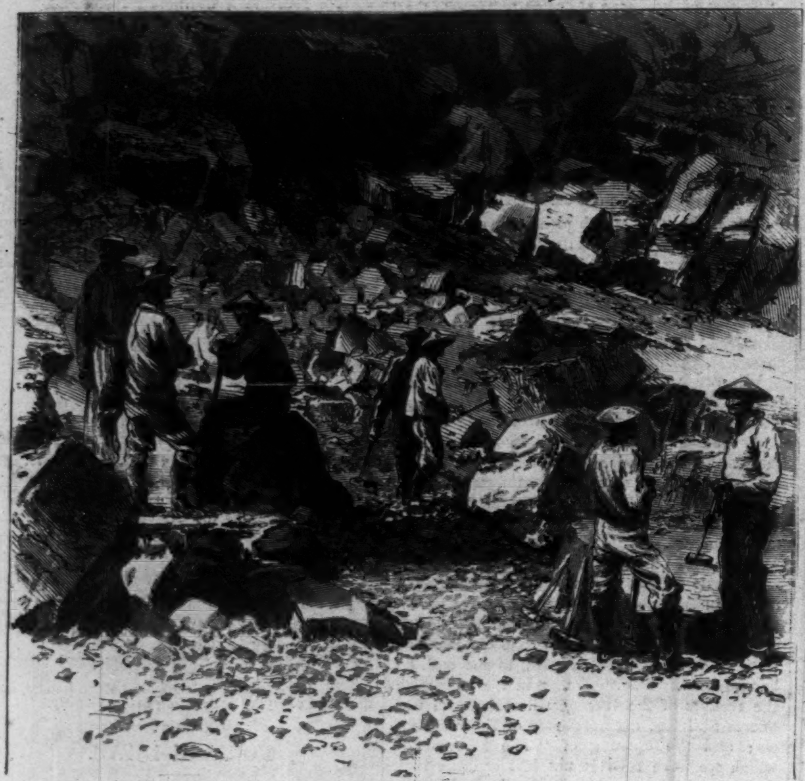
President Prado, of Peru, lately marched against the insurgents in the mountain regions of his republic, and the Acting-President, La Puerta, was publicly urged by a deputation to take the reins of Government in his own hands! It is encouraging to know that he indignantly refused; but it is unsatisfactory to be left in ignorance of the fate of the conspirators who proposed the rebellion.

Stots Bashi, Tycoon of Japan, has resigned, and his brother, Shogornati, has resumed the reins of power. This materially alters the existing state of affairs in that country, and the opening of Jeddo to American commerce will be indefinitely delayed. Another consequence of this unfortunate change of rulers is the rude and uncivil treatment of foreign officers. Two English officers had been murdered, and the United States steamer *Wachusetts* had been threatened.

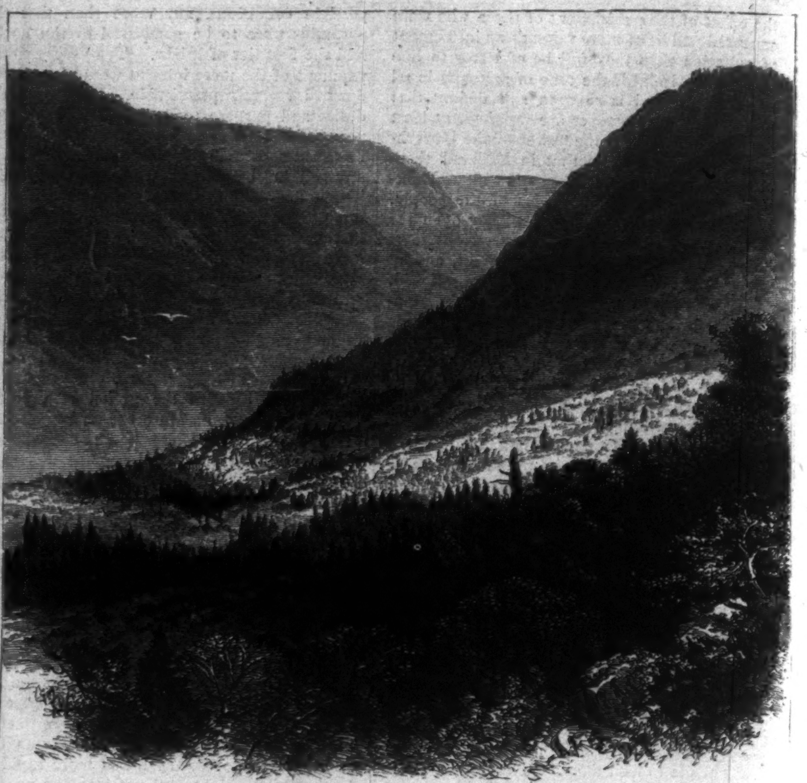
The Fenians Allen, Gould, and Larken were hanged at Manchester, England, on November 23.

THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

In speaking lately of the railroad which is shortly to span the continent, and unite the Mississippi and the Pacific, and which ought to be called the "Continental Railroad," we purposely ignored the separate existence of the two roads known as the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific, and spoke of the entire route from Omaha to San Francisco as one line, as, when they are finished, they will be practically. Some of our friends have supposed this to be an inadvertence, and several letters have suggested to us that perhaps, after all, the public does not generally understand that two corporations are engaged in this gigantic work; and that though the Union Pacific from Omaha west, and the Central Pacific from Sacramento east, are to unite at Salt Lake City, and become the great Pacific Railroad, they are for the present not only distinct and separate, but, in a certain sense, rival corporations. The rivalry exists in this—that the first company which shall complete its road to Salt Lake City shall be entitled to the national charter and national land and money grants for the whole line from Omaha to Sacramento. We give in this Number of the *Weekly* a diagram which will perhaps better explain this, and which at the same time shows the work completed on each route, the work to be done, the distances, and, with the aid of the profile Map which we give, in a measure the *nature* of the difficult labor. By this Map it will be seen that the Central Pacific Company has built something over 160 miles of its road, and reached the summit of the Sierra Nevada, next to the highest level on the road, and has 385 miles to finish to Salt Lake City; that the Union Pacific Company has built 516 miles of its road, and has 439 miles to finish to Salt Lake City. The immense work is prosecuted with the utmost vigor by both parties, and it is confidently believed that it will be finished before 1870. The latest report of the United States General Land-Office Commissioner shows that this country is now



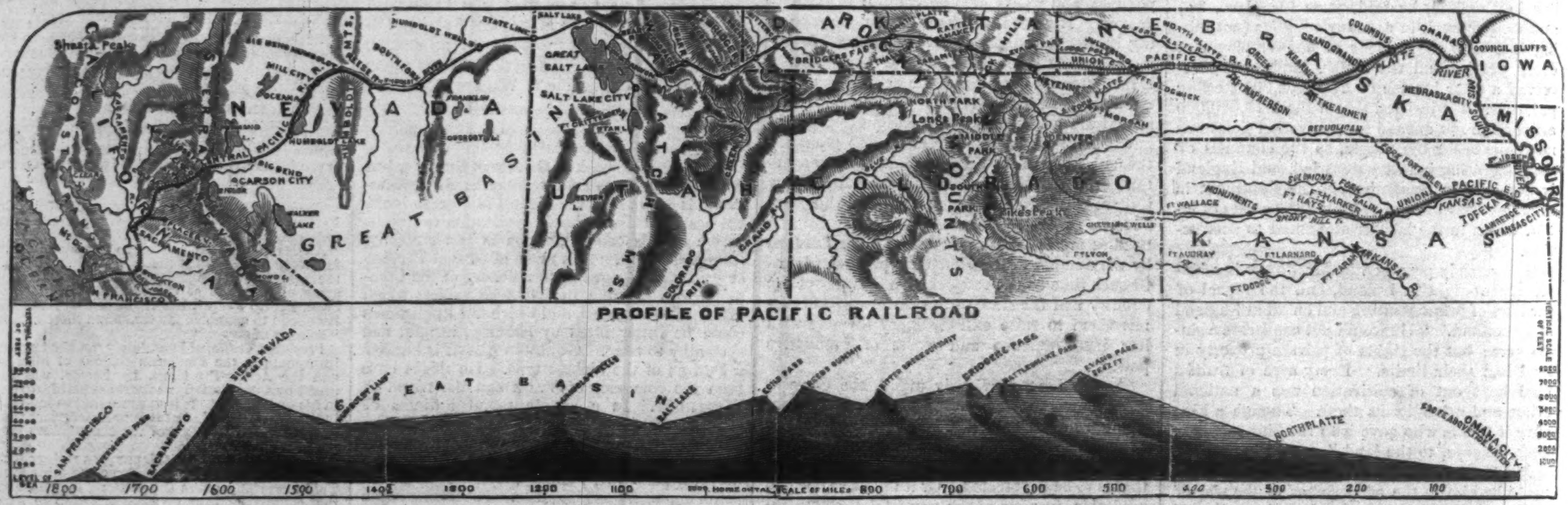
CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD—CHINESE LABORERS AT WORK.



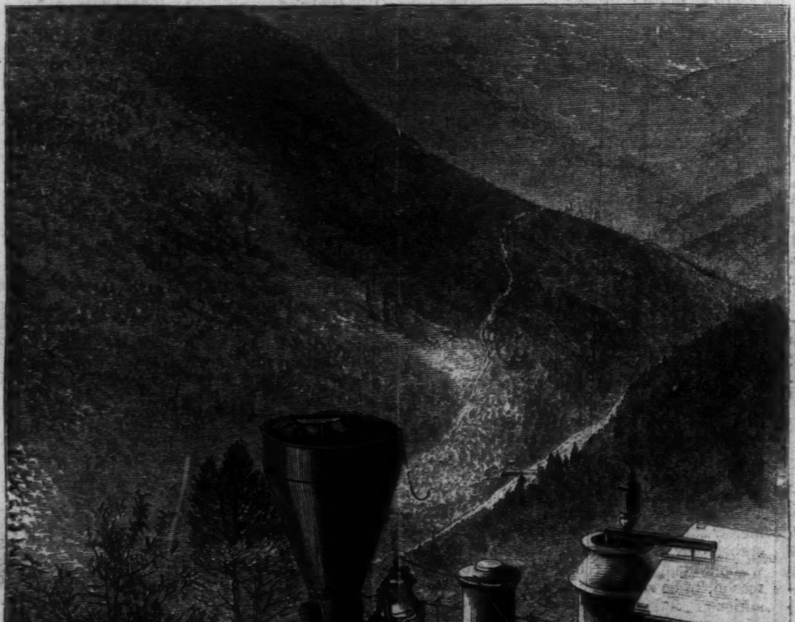
CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD—THE GIANT'S GAP.

3000 miles in advance of England on our routes to China, Japan, and the East Indies. When this line of railroad is completed, and passengers can be carried across the continent in a week, instead of taking three times as long *via* Panama, and six times as long around the Horn—when goods can be sent from Hong-Kong to London in forty days, and to New York in thirty, it is easy for the most unimaginative person to see the effect which will be produced on American commerce.

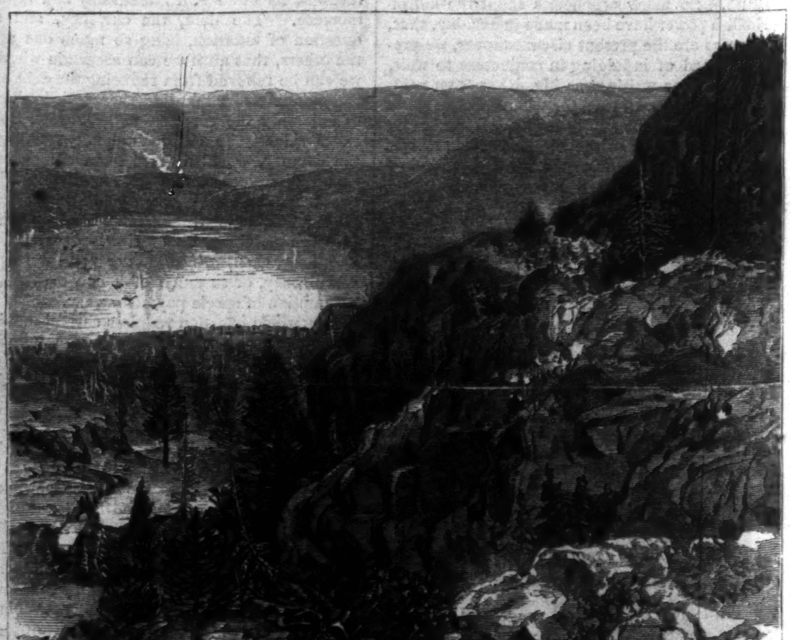
Accompanying this very suggestive Map are several views on the Central Pacific Railroad, which still further illustrate the difficulties encountered in its construction. The first of these represents the Chinese laborers at work on the road up the Sierra Nevada. The Central Company has over 10,000 of this race in its employ. The picture gives some idea of the Herculean nature of the work of tunneling and excavating through the solid granite of the mountains. The "Giant's Gap," a gigantic opening in the mountains, shows the rugged nature of the country. The third engraving is a view on American River, which flows through a narrow valley between peaks which tower 5000 feet above its waters. "Donner Lake" has an elevation of 5964 feet above the level of the ocean, and is surrounded by lofty peaks. The view obtainable from some of these peaks can not be surpassed in grandeur, beauty, and extent in any part of Europe, save by that from Mont Blanc.


Shasta Peak
NEVADA
GREAT BASIN
CARSON CITY
HUMBOLDT LAKE
SACRAMENTO
SAN FRANCISCO
SALT LAKE CITY
GREAT SALT LAKE
UTAH
DAKOTA
COLORADO
Longs Peak
DENVER
Pikes Peak
NEBRASKA
OMAHA
COUNCIL BLUFFS
IOWA
KANSAS
MISSOURI
UNION PACIFIC R.R.
PROFILE OF PACIFIC RAILROAD
SIERRA NEVADA 7042 FT
SALT LAKE
BRIDGERS PASS
EVANS PASS 8242 FT
NORTH PLATTE
OMAHA CITY
VERTICAL SCALE OF FEET
HORIZONTAL SCALE OF MILES
1800
1700
1600
1500
1400
1300
1200
1100
800
700
600
500
400
300
200
100

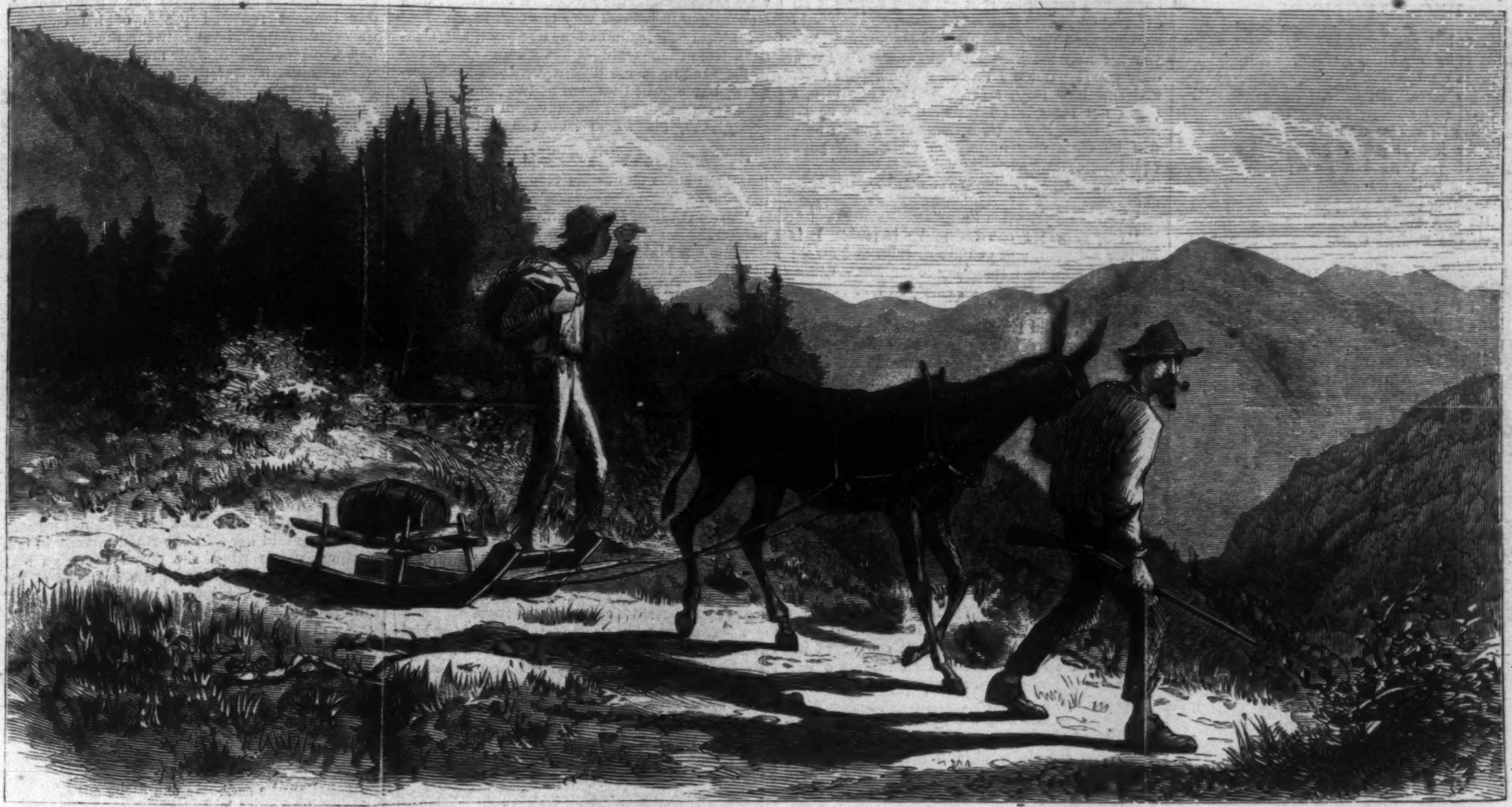
CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD—MAP AND PROFILE MAP OF THE LINE FROM OMAHA TO SAN FRANCISCO.—[DRAWN BY C. H. WELLS.]



CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD—VIEW ON AMERICAN RIVER.



CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD—DONNER LAKE.



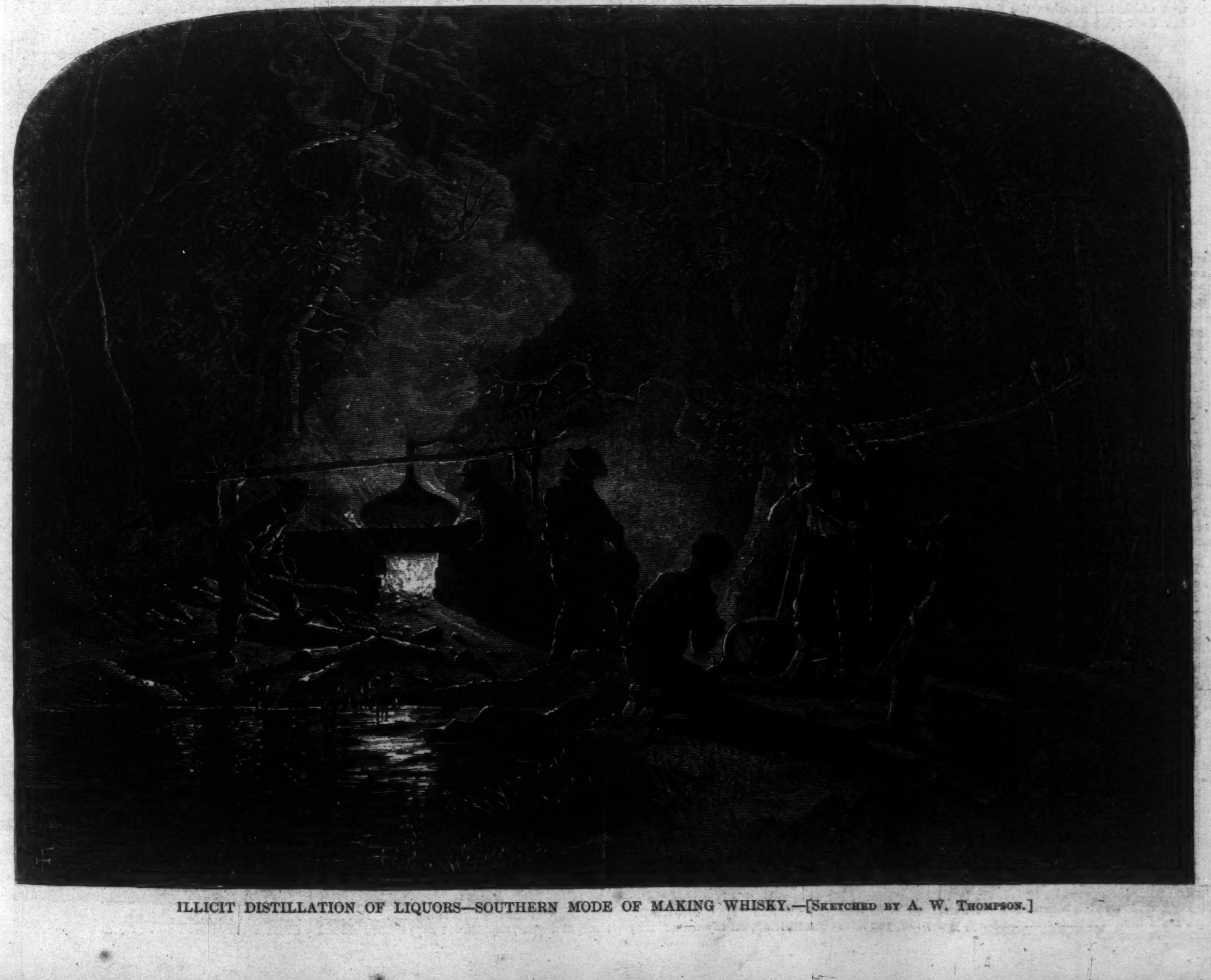
ILLICIT DISTILLATION OF LIQUORS—HOW THE ARTICLE IS CARRIED TO THE SOUTHERN MARKETS.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. THOMPSON.]

ILLICIT DISTILLATION OF LIQUORS.

MANY of the methods employed by the army of speculators who are defrauding the Government by the illicit distillation of liquors are as unique as they are effective. Wooden stills have been invented and manufactured so cheaply that a single distillation in one of them leaves such a profit to the illicit distiller that he can afford to destroy the still in order to remove the evidences of his guilt. Stills are also placed upon old tug-boats, and the work of distillation conducted in the Lower Bay, and the whisky thus made is smuggled into the city.

This method of defrauding the Government is very largely practiced at the South. In some of the mountain regions of the Southern States this species of smuggling has become an immense business.

The stills are located in unfrequented districts, sometimes in the midst of an impenetrable jungle or laurel brake, and carefully concealed when not in operation. The grain or fruit to be distilled is sometimes brought from a great distance, as in those elevated regions very little cultivation exists. The liquor is stored in kegs, and carried down the mountains on sleds; as there are no roads the use of vehicles on those rough trails is unknown. One would suppose that the spirits so manufactured would be of a good quality (as smuggled liquors generally have that reputation), but it is nearly all *very bad*, owing to the quantity of buck-eye bean used in its preparation, to give it what is called a *bead*. The buck-eye grows in all parts of the South and West, and is said to be very poisonous. It is held in superstitious veneration by the lower classes and negroes, who believe that to carry one in the pocket is a remedy for some diseases. Of late many parties have been arrested for smuggling in Western North Carolina, as detachments of cavalry are continually on the look-out for them. Our engravings on this page illustrate one of these mountain-stills in operation, and the method of carrying the article to market. After reaching the confines of civilization—if the region where it is vended and consumed can be called civilized—it is sold in small quantities to the country grocers, or shipped by the cargo to neighboring ports, and smuggled ashore to perform its work of ruin.



ILLICIT DISTILLATION OF LIQUORS—SOUTHERN MODE OF MAKING WHISKY.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. THOMPSON.]

RECOLLECTIONS.

'Tis past, but yet I see it still,
That sunshine on the shore,
The roses on the window-sill,
The ivy round the door,
The light and shadow flitting round
Each old familiar tree
Along the line of grassy ground
That slopes toward the sea;
And through the western windows low
The setting sunbeams pour,
And flit and flicker to and fro
Upon the matted floor.

The little porch—I see it yet—
Where summer flowers twine,
And all their fragrant blossoms net
With leaves of glossy vine;
And with their sweetness stealeth slow
A thought of hours gone by,
All lighted with a golden glow
Of sunset in the sky—
And memories of the pathway fair
That wound along the bay,
And one sweet hour wasted there
One blessed summer day—

One little hour along the shore,
As arm in arm we strayed,
And listened to the ceaseless roar
The restless waters made;
And watched the shadows on the deep,
The sunlight on the land,
And saw the little wavelets creep
To kiss the golden sand—
Till all the glory seemed to die,
And daylight was no more,
And darkness crept along the sky,
And silence on the shore.

That hour is past—it came and fled
As all life's beauties will.
The roses—they are long since dead
Upon the window-sill.
The little porch is lying low,
The shore is far away,
And other eyes may watch the glow
Of sunset in the bay.
And where the shining pathway gleams,
And on the golden sand,
Now other hearts may dream their dreams,
And other feet may stand.

And softer sounds may come and go
Upon the summer air,
And other lips may whisper low
The words we whispered there;
And other roses climb the wall
And wreathe the self-same spot,
And blush at other vows let fall
Like those that we—forgot!
But never shall an hour so bright
Return to her or me
As that which left us when the light
Grew dark upon the sea.

DRIFTING INTO LOVE.

Nellie Rivers sat in her window at the Clearview House watching the tide come in. She heard a footstep in the passage and a light tap, but before she could say "Come!" the door opened and let in Ethel Lang, who walked into the little room with the same calm stateliness which she would have carried to parlor or court. There was no affectation about Ethel; the shallowest belle, whose heart beat wild with envy of the "Lang air," must acknowledge that at least.

The little figure at the window started up with a quick gesture of welcome.

"You, Ethie? I am so glad!"

Ethel stooped to kiss her on both cheeks, as if she had been a child. The two presented the contrast which may frequently be marked between dear friends. Nellie was slight and fair, and her light curls, touched by the mellow moonlight, gleamed like golden threads against Ethel's black braids.

"I thought I should find you here," said Ethel; "I just looked in at the parlor as I passed, but saw you nowhere."

"I came away an hour ago. I am so tired of the people down stairs sometimes! I was to-night. I am not brilliant, I know; but when gentlemen say stupid things to me, and want me to smile and be pleased, I feel like running away up here, to be alone with the sky and the water, and the great, sleepless eye of the light-house yonder. Do you think it's quite so pleasant this summer as sometimes, Ethie?" a little plaintively.

"I don't know," said Ethel, absently, a strangely weary expression creeping over her face.

"Let me see," Nellie went on: "two years ago—Willis Hargrave was here then; and—why, Ethel, how pale you are! Your father is not worse?"

"No; he is quite bright this evening. He has had a better day than usual. I came up here to tell you something, little Nell."

"What, Ethie?"

"I am going to be married next week—to Captain Weldon."

Nellie threw up both hands.

"Oh, Ethel!" she exclaimed, when she had found her voice; "and you have kept it from me till now!"

"It is a very sudden decision; it was not a certainty until to-day."

"But you have known him such a very little time, Ethel!"

"I knew him when I was a little girl—have I never told you? His father was papa's oldest friend. They used to talk this over years ago, it seems, and Malcolm says he has always loved me. Papa understood it when he came here, though I did not. He sails next Tuesday, you know, and papa's heart is set upon having it all over. 'Oh, Ethel!' he said to-day, 'I shall never, never see you Malcolm Weldon's wife unless you are married before he goes away!' Poor, dear papa! When I looked into his pale face, and saw how large and eager his eyes were, I could not refuse. So rested and happy as he seemed when it was all arranged! Every thing will be done very quietly, of course, for papa could not endure excitement."

"How long will Captain Weldon be gone, Ethel?"

"Only one year this time."

"Oh, Ethel! I can not make it real! It is all like a dream, and you are so calm and quiet; just as if nothing were going to happen. Ethie, dear! forgive me! are you sure you love Captain Weldon quite enough?"

"Nellie," said Ethel, taking both her hands, "life is a very real thing to me. I am not romantic like other girls, I think. There is no reason why I should not love Malcolm Weldon—that he is good and lovable, I know. It would break my father's heart, if I were to refuse him. Why should I?"

"Oh, I don't say you ought!" answered Nellie, quickly. "I did not mean that. You know your own heart, dear, and I am sure you could not do wrong. You must not mind what I said."

They sat talking for half an hour longer, then Ethel said, "Good-night!" and went to see that her father's room was comfortably arranged for the night.

Mrs. Lang had been long dead, and Ethel had concentrated upon her father all the love and reverence which might have belonged to both parents. Since he had become a confirmed invalid, with strength visibly declining, the two clung to each other with a daily increasing tenacity of affection.

He greeted her with a bright smile.

"In bed already, papa?"

"I was a little tired, and Malcolm was here to help me. It is very pleasant to have a son as well as daughter," with another smile. He drew her head down on the pillow, saying, wistfully, "You are happy, my darling?"

"If you are, papa."

"And I am so happy, dear! I shall not fear to leave you now," smoothing her hair tenderly. "You know that must come some time. There is no one in the world with whom I could so gladly trust you as with Malcolm. He comes of a grand stock, Ethel—sound fibre to the core!"

He paused a moment, then he said: "You won't be lonely with me, Ethel, and Malcolm away? One year is not *very* long, dear."

"Oh, papa!" She wound her arms around him, a red spot glowing in her cheek, and her whole attitude an embodied caress. After all, this pale, calm girl could show her loving "like the lave." "Oh, papa! as if any one or all the world could tempt me away from you!"

The wedding-day came, and the little group gathered in the invalid's chamber. Joy and sadness were strangely blended. Scarcely were the bridal congratulations spoken before they were exchanged for farewells. The gallant sailor bent reverently to receive a last blessing from the lips that would never speak to him again, then he pressed his new-made bride in a parting embrace, and was away to the port whence next day's favoring breezes would waft him toward the tropic seas.

The flutter of excitement and gossip which the little episode caused in the hotel circles ran its short course. "Where is Willis Hargrave?" said one of the last summer's boarders. "Gone abroad," answered some one who knew; "he has a fortunate appointment, and will make his way." "I thought *they* cared for each other," said another, ceasing suddenly as Mr. Lang came slowly down the stairs, leaning heavily on Ethel's arm, and took his accustomed easy-chair in the shady veranda.

So the days wore on—the long days of the lingering summer, till the winds of approaching autumn warned them from the sea-shore. The homeward journey wore sadly upon the invalid's little store of strength, and the winter brought sore watching for Ethel. At the opening of spring he died.

Ethel's first passionate grief subsided into a settled melancholy, which imminently threatened her health. Her friends urged her to await her husband's arrival at the accustomed summer resort. She refused at first to leave the home, now doubly consecrated by the last memories of the father she had loved so well, but yielded at last to repeated solicitations, and took up her abode at Clearview House, a shadow of her old self.

It was already August when the *Storm-wind* came safely into port. Captain Weldon telegraphed his arrival, hurried through so much of his business as could not be delayed, and took an early train for Clearview. He was not surprised to find no one awaiting him at the station, knowing that Ethel was not strong. Some mistake had been made about the baggage, and while he lingered to have it righted the various carriages picked up their nightly freight and drove away. So he was forced to walk the half mile, carpet-bag in hand.

He passed up the long drive-way quite unnoticed for the confusion which organized itself about several new-comers, who had just been set down. He scanned eagerly the various groups in the porch as he came nearer, and quickened his pace with the anxious thought, "She must be ill: she would surely be looking for me!" Standing there, the centre of a welcoming circle, was a man who had been his fellow-traveler in the car, whom he had noticed for his handsome face and fascinating address.

"Really, Mr. Hargrave, this is a pleasure as great as unexpected!" and "Hargrave, old fellow, you have been thriving, on my word!" they were saying, while the gentleman responded with an ease and heartiness very pleasant to see.

Suddenly Malcolm caught sight of a tall, slender figure in a mourning-dress, standing just within the shadow of the doorway. He started forward, but checked himself as the stranger gentleman turned toward the lady with a simultaneous glance, his whole face changed and radiant.

"Miss Lang! Ethel!" he said, holding out his hand, but some one at his elbow corrected him, laughingly,

"*Mrs. Weldon*, Mr. Hargrave! Begging your pardon!"

None but Malcolm saw how for an instant the man shrank back with a sudden, shocked recoil, while the swift blood rushed to Ethel's very temples in a crimson tide—only a brief instant—then she answered his greeting with her own calm grace.

"Times change, and we in them," he said, with a forced laugh; and on the instant Ethel saw her husband standing in the path, and, with a low cry fell forward in a swoon.

Malcolm caught her in his arms with a pain at his heart that whitened his very lips.

"She was not expecting you, Captain Weldon, and the surprise was too great," said Nellie Rivers, chafing her temples.

"She did not receive my telegram?"

"No; you sent one then? And she did not look for you so soon, or we should have watched the shipping lists more closely. You have had a quick passage. There! she is better now—hadn't you better take her to her room?"

Ethel opened her eyes, trying to smile. Malcolm gathered her up to his lips as he followed Nellie up the stair. "Oh, Ethel! Ethel!" he said, in a voice in which love and yearning struggled with agony.

"You will never go away without me again—you will take me with you? Tell me that you will!" said Ethel, by-and-by, when she could speak.

"Do you really wish it?" he answered, hesitantly; "I fear you are not strong enough."

"Oh yes!" she said, with eager pleading; "I want to go away! I must go!"

"How is she?" asked Nellie Rivers, at the door.

"Better," answered Malcolm; "can you sit with her for a little while?"

Nellie came in, and Malcolm went down the back-stairway to avoid the people, and so out to the beach, lying bare and brown in the dim twilight. Back and forth he paced upon the sand, while the darkness deepened and the heavy moan of the swell throbbed in and out of the silences.

"And is this the end?" he thought. "The end of all my hopes by day and dreams by night—the inspiration that made me fearless in danger, the strong desire that would have annihilated space and time to bring her to my heart? Oh, my love! my love! Better I had gone down in mid-ocean than to have come home to stand between her and one who might have been more dear!"

He grew calmer by degrees. He looked back to the few weeks of his hasty courtship, forcing himself to remember how quietly self-contained she had been—no tremulous lips, no tell-tale blushes answering to his tenderest words—gracious and kind always, no more. How could he have been so blind as to fancy that through all the years of separation since their early acquaintance he could have been to her what she had been to him! To the plan of the hasty wedding she had not consented without hesitation. "For my father's sake," she had said at last. "Oh, my dear old friend!" he thought in an agony; "when you gave me your best gift, and your blessing with it, we little questioned, you and I, what our selfishness might cost her filial heart!" He would cast no blame upon Ethel. Whatever power the presence of this stranger might have to disturb her peace she showed her wifely loyalty by her earnest wish to go away. He would take her with him then; not to weary her with protestation or caress, but to let her lack no watchful care or gentle courtesy, which could be prompted by a love which only sought her happiness, claiming nothing for itself.

Meanwhile Ethel lay within with closed eyes, and Nellie thought she slept. Willis Hargrave could be nothing to the wife of Malcolm Weldon. "Duty, a servant, kept the key" of her heart, and yet, at his sudden coming, and without her will, that summer of three years before had lifted itself, mirage-like, out of the purple glamour of memory. The long walks on the pleasant country-side; the swift gallops along the beach, with the salt sea-breeze infusing new life into every nerve; the idle dropping down of white-winged sail-boats over dimpling waters; glances that had been eloquent; words that had ventured near the treacherous boundary-line of friendship—all these had rushed before her, when she saw him start backward at the sound of her married name, and so disclose in the same swift moment the face of that other to whom even the allegiance of her inmost thought was pledged. She was too faithful to her vows to say, "It might have been!" The one controlling thought which she dared put in words, even to herself, was the wish to go away, any where, any where, by land or sea, only with her husband.

The *Storm Wind* discharged her cargo; and when busy workmen had effaced the scars which wind and wave had made upon her, she took on another burden and was once more outward-bound.

Ethel found every thing arranged with the most thoughtful care for her comfort on shipboard. Should she grow weary of the great, new page of nature spread before her eyes; the ever-shifting panorama of sea and sky, she might find in her cabin choice books and pictures, and the hundred little comforts of a home. Her husband, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, seemed to read her thought and anticipate her wishes. Each day brought renewed proofs of his constant thoughtfulness, and yet between these two, who had stood together in their marriage vows, there was a subtle barrier never once withdrawn—a barrier impalpable and indefinable, yet no less impassable and real.

Ethel, from her side, began to study her husband. To be a commander of men, either by sea or land, is a searching test of true manliness. Ethel saw him unspoiled by his "little brief authority," holding his way with a steady hand and firm judgment, so tempered by discriminate kindness that his crew, in their eagerness to do his will, forgot that they dared not disobey it. With her he showed another phase of character; he was the deep and earnest thinker, whose knowledge was no mere "solution of books," but a cup in which the priceless pearl of experience had been melted. The sea, his foster-mother, had brought the soul of her child into communion with the elemental forces, and taught him "what the winds and waves are saying" to the soul that wills to hear. She began to measure him by other men whom she had known—thrilling with something akin to pride to find him standing, Saul-like, head and shoulders above the host—a true and reverent soul, "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" She was not consciously studying her own heart also, yet I think some faithful instinct must have told her that she stood already in less perilous places when she dared to weigh him against Willis Hargrave in the balances of her judgment—the old love "kicking the beam." She began to weary of mere care and kindness. "He might speak harshly to me," she thought, "and still love me more."

Blind Captain Weldon! not to see that all he cared to win was his already; that outside his very window fluttered the dove weary with beating her

> "Bruised wings
> On the dark floods and water-springs,
> The ruinous world, the desolate sea!"

Ethel awoke suddenly one night out of a deep sleep. The wind had risen while she slept, and she felt the ship laboring through a heavy sea. She had heard the creaking of cordage, and the groaning of strained timbers too often to be alarmed at mere sounds; but now every nerve seemed alert with a strange prescience of coming disaster. She rose hastily, throwing a heavy cloak about her and went out, meeting at her door the pale faces of two or three lady passengers. She spoke a few words to them, then made her way on deck, with an eager longing to be near her husband.

"You were not frightened, Ethel?" he said, as he turned from shouting an order to the helmsman through his trumpet; "this is nothing—there is no danger." But even while he spoke the sound was snatched from his lips by a cry that rose up, cleaving the air like a two-edged sword of terror and despair.

"Fire! fire!"

The driving moon grew pale behind a lurid light that flashed from stem to stern, as a red column of flame shot aloft from the quarter-deck, wreathing the singing shrouds as if for a demon's holiday. One moment Malcolm looked at Ethel, and his cheek blenched with agony; then his voice, clear and strong, sounded above the tumult.

The fire had progressed too far before discovery to leave any hope of extinguishing it. There was no resource but in the boats, which all together would have accommodated amply all on board; but, although the men worked for their lives, the storm made their task difficult almost to hopelessness, and the largest boat was swamped in launching.

Into one of the smaller ones, already overcrowded, Malcolm would have lowered Ethel.

"And you?" she asked, in a thrilling voice.

"Listen, Ethel! There is not room for all. I can not peril others. I trust in God. Come!"

"I will not!" She evaded his grasp and stood before him, her eyes flashing, and her form erect and fearless.

"Ethel! why do you trifle *now?*" His brow darkened and his voice was stern.

"Because I will *never* leave you! Malcolm, I love you! I love you!" She sprang forward and hid her face on his breast.

"My wife!" He folded her in one arm and with the other made a sign, and the boat parted from the burning ship.

During the night the gale veered to an opposite tack, leveling the sea far more rapidly than an absolute calm could have done. At dawn a French vessel, bound for Havre, picked up the fragile float, to which the two had clung, when the terrible death from behind pressed them to risk a less dreadful fate below. Was it a special miracle that saved them, or are we all the subjects of such miracles daily without

> "The instinct that can tell
> That God is on the field when He
> Is most invisible?"

I can not tell—I only know that to them it was given that night to be tossed over the waste of lonely seas, trusting Him who made all, and at sure anchor in the rest of a human love, the best earthly type of the Divine, "perfect through suffering."

At Paris, where they rested for a time, came news of the rescue, by another friendly vessel, of the rest of the ship's company; and afterward a reply from Nellie Rivers to the letter in which Ethel had narrated their disaster and escape. I quote a single paragraph:

"I wish you were to be at my wedding, Ethel dear, but you will hardly come home in time, I fear. It seems so strange that Willis Hargrave should choose me—I am not half good enough. I used to think he would love you, and so I told him one day. You won't think me vain if I tell you his answer? 'She would have been too wise and grand for me. There is no one in all the world like my little Nellie—my girl-wife to be.'"

LAUNCHED AWAY.

LONG, long beside the moaning sea
I waited while the great ship grew
To perfect shape, and till set free
Like some wild loon it seaward flew.

And far, far still my yearning eyes
Pursued it on its less'ning way,
Till on the glowing twilight skies
As jet in molten gold it lay.

And while I gazed came one by one,
Slow-gliding in, like white-winged doves,
Small craft that till the set of sun
Had lingered in the outer coves;

As, crouching 'neath the leaves in fear,
The roving covey near the nest
Will watch some terror disappear,
And then go flutt'ring home to rest.

O Day! I said, whose sweet decline
Now leaves this world so fair to see
In pictured beauty, more divine
The lesson which thou leavest me!

Could I unto Time's balmy sea
Commit in faith this grief that grows
And darkens all the days to be,
And robs the Present of repose—

Then might it float into the Past,
Its gloomy outline, now so clear,
To melt in heaven's own light at last,
Wherein life's woes like gems appear.

And softly on the evening tide,
Home to my lonely heart, maybe
Small craft of hope and love would glide
To furl their sails and rest with me.

WHY AUNT RUTH IS AN AMERICAN.

THE parlor-door opened wide and then shut with a bang as little Willie sprang forward toward his mother, who sat knitting—yes, actually knitting in November, 1867—at a pair of socks for this same Willie.

"What about shutting the door quietly, Willie?" said the mother, looking up with a smile.

"Oh, mamma, I forgot! but please don't send me back this time," said the child, coaxingly; "I've so many things to tell you, mamma!"

"Did you have a nice time with Aunt Ruth?"

"Oh! it was splendid, mamma; and you can't ever guess where we've been so long."

"To Barnum's, I presume."

"No."

"Then somewhere looking at pictures?"

"No. You can't ever guess; I know you couldn't."

"No. I can't guess; you'll have to tell me."

"It was the very queerest place ever I was in: a great big house, and not a bit pretty like ours; and there were so many children—some were at school in a great big school-room, and some were playing. It was fun to watch so many together, and some of them looked so funny. We went all over the house; and, mamma, what was queerest of all was, that the man who went with us knew Aunt Ruth, and seemed just as glad to see her as you are when she first comes here; but when we were coming away she gave him a great many greenbacks. Did she have to pay him for seeing the big house?"

"Hush, Willie, here she comes now."

The door opened, and Aunt Ruth herself entered—a woman more commanding than pretty, but withal graceful and prepossessing. Scarce thirty now, she would have seemed much younger but for the look of sadness which invariably came over her features when in rest. She looked very earnest now. As she came in Willie slipped out, doubtless with the intention of finding his sister, in whom he hoped to find a listener to the rest of his story.

"Willie has told you that we have been at the Children's Home. I find things much improved; the new building will accommodate so many more than the old." And then after a pause, "How sad Anna seems this morning! and when I went into the library a few minutes ago I found her sitting at the piano weeping. One of her music-scholars had just gone."

"Poor child! she can't accustom herself to think that we are not so rich as we were. My husband and Annie take it hardest. Willie don't realize it, and to me, after my plain country bringing-up, it makes little difference but for their sakes. But it is hard for Annie. She herself proposed giving music-lessons. It is not really necessary that she should do it; but she is a brave girl, and felt that she wanted to help, and so I made no objection. I thought, too, that she would be happier to have something to fill up her time; but most of her pupils are from the families of old friends, and it tires her sadly sometimes. She is proud, and we have trained her too aristocratically. Perhaps there is some other trouble—she does not give me her confidence so fully as I wish she did. You know she is engaged to George Hollingsworth. He is in South America now. He will be fully able to give her her old position again. He is the only child of a wealthy father, and is, besides, doing a handsome business himself. He is not the one to let this change of circumstances make any difference to him; and though I should not want my child to marry for money, or any merely material advantage, yet I have been glad that her affections were so worthily placed."

"You are sure that she loved him, then?"

"Yes, quite sure; he was very acceptable to us all. Lately, I have sometimes wished he might come back, for she does not speak of him as often as formerly, and there is a German who comes here frequently. Cousin Andrew introduced him first; he had met him in the South—Colonel von Schuler. He is said to be a baron, too; but we know very little of his antecedents. I know he admires Annie, but have not thought that she showed any preference for him. He will be here to dinner, and you can judge of him for yourself. I have thought little about him before."

The dinner passed off pleasantly. This was, after all, a happy family. The loss which Mr. Hammond had sustained had only embarrassed him, and he still hoped to regain his old position in a few years. He was always pleasant at home. He loved his wife, and was proud of his children, and nothing annoyed him so much as to see shadows on their faces.

Aunt Ruth had ample opportunity for observation. Colonel von Schuler was ceremonious and deferential; his attentions to Annie not too marked; but then they meant more, coming from a German, than they would have done from an American, and this Annie knew. She read character well, and did not need to be told that his fate was in her hands.

Later in the evening, after he had gone, and all had left the room but Aunt Ruth, who sat reading, Annie sat long by the grate, musing. She was very much like other girls, rather practical than sentimental, but given to dreaming over her future, and it is only fair to add, taking into due consideration all the substantial blessings of life. She liked the Colonel very much. She had liked George Hollingsworth very much; but then he had been absent almost a year, and a year is long enough to work wonderful changes. Then, too, there was Laura Markham, a proud, rather conceited young lady, who had slighted Annie since her father's losses, and she had set her cap for the Baron, and what a triumph it would be to carry him off, and a very suitable revenge for the slights, one of which had been the cause of the tears of which Aunt Ruth had spoken! Then, too—she judged George by herself—a righteous way to judge, surely—and thought, perhaps he didn't care so much for her after all. And wouldn't it be vastly more brilliant to be taken to Vienna as a Baroness than to live in New York a merchant's wife?

Ruth Averill had sat there ostensibly reading, but really watching her niece. After a little while she came and stood beside her.

"Well, Annie," she said, breaking the reverie, "for which have you decided?"

"Why, Aunt Ruth, how do you know what I was thinking about?" she said, blushing and stammering.

"Your face is easily read, child."

Annie was silent. Should she submit her thoughts to this clear judgment? Poor child, she was sadly perplexed. She looked up at Aunt Ruth: she had somehow crept into her confidence, she didn't know how; but after all she was glad she was there, and she couldn't shut the door on her now. So she jumped up and pressed her aunt down into the large comfortable chair, and took a low seat beside her, and told all her troubles, winding up with:

"But I ought not to have told you, for I remember how disparagingly you spoke of foreigners last evening."

"No. I did not mean to; but I had seen an incident which annoyed me very much yesterday. You remember the dress-maker who brought my brown silk home?"

"Yes. She was such a pretty little German woman I couldn't forget her."

"Well, her husband is a baron. They live in a little attic room in the fifth story of a house in Eighth Street. Mrs. Alford told me of her; and when I went to find her I overheard her husband swearing at her because she hadn't brought up enough coal at once, and wasted her time going twice. When she opened the door he was lounging on the bed smoking. He is too proud to work because he has a title, so she keeps them by sewing; and he won't let her put out a sign because it would disgrace his noble name; so she must pick up work as best she can. But when I stepped in he was just as courtly in his manners as Baron Schuler was in your parlor to-night."

"Why, Aunt! you don't mean—"

"No, Annie. I don't mean to say that Baron Schuler is an imposter. But do you know any thing of him?"

"No. That is to say, very little."

"George Hollingsworth is an American gentleman, a good true man, and loves you?"

"Yes; but he isn't so polished a gentleman as Colonel Schuler."

"He does not bow so low, and is perhaps not quite so ceremonious; but I thought him a polished man, and there is no truer gentleman in all the world than a real American gentleman."

"You always defend Americans, Aunt Ruth; and though I have known a long time that you were English, and that it was from your uncle in England that you have inherited all your property, yet you always call yourself an American."

"I am very proud to have the right to do so, Annie."

She was silent, looking into the fire.

"If I should not love my country who should? She has been father, mother, and home to me, as she is to-day being to thousands of just such desolate orphans as I was. You know that I was born in England, Annie. Do you know more?"

"No, mother told me only that. I have asked a hundred times, but she would tell me nothing more."

"I will tell you to-night. How beautiful the fire is! I remember one November night when the wind blowed as cold as it does to-night and I had no fire."

"*You*, Aunt Ruth?"

"Yes, I, Annie. When I was a child twelve years old my father and mother emigrated to America. I remember very little of our lives previous to that, only that my father was an artist and that we were poor, for my mother used to make my dresses out of her old ones, trimming them somehow tastefully to make them seem like new; and she never had a servant; but we were very happy, for my father loved his art, and mother was very proud of it and of him. He was a younger son. While my grandfather lived it made little difference; but when he died and my uncle took the estate it came very hard, for the brothers had not been good friends. Father had been educated at Oxford; but he had no practical knowledge of life, and so the art which had been cultivated as a pleasure, and used only to fill the old hall with pictures, became suddenly his only means of support.

"I remember living in a little cottage near London. My father painted incessantly; but he could not sell his pictures. We grew always poorer, and one article of luxury after another, and, finally, even needful articles, disappeared. When the piano went mother only smiled and said:

"'My little girl's voice is sweet enough without an accompaniment. She must learn from the little birds now.' But at last a time came when even she could smile no longer, and my father's face grew sadder every day. Annie, have you ever read of the iron cell, in which a prisoner was placed? It had seven little windows when he first entered; the next morning it had but six; the next five, and so on; and as the days passed he could see the iron walls narrowing—a great monster ready to crush him. Poverty is like this. Every day the dollars go but none come in; and the poor victim can only stand helpless and wait to feel the cold iron against his flesh.

"At last father came in one evening. 'Mary, my dear,' he said; 'you are growing paler every day. All day I have been trying to sell my pictures. It is in vain. If we stay here it will be to starve. Shall we go to America? They say it is the home for the poor. We neither of us have many ties in Old England now. Why should we stay here to starve?'

"My mother threw herself into his arms and wept. It was the outburst of a long pent-up storm. There was then a beacon of hope left, and tears came to her relief.

"With what was received from the sale of the remnant of the furniture they took steerage passage from Liverpool to New York. Steerage passage, Annie, can you imagine what that is? Eight hundred people—men, women, and children—Irish, Dutch, German—the poorest of the poor—the filthiest of the filthy—crowded together in their rags and misery. Driven up on deck by day, we used to sit looking at the waves, and were lulled into rest by their monotonous rolling; but at night it was terrible. The groans and curses of the sick haunt me yet.

"At last it was over, and the struggle commenced again. Landed in New York without money and without a friend in America. I look back upon it now and shudder. My father knew as little how to make his way as you do; perhaps less. He had brought some pictures with him which would scarcely sell at home for the cost of the canvas on which they were painted. He had taken a room on Monroe Street, and here he worked and we waited. At first he sold one picture for a better price. It was to a gentleman in Fourteenth Street. I saw the picture yesterday. You remember the landscape over the piano in Mr. James's parlor? He paid $50 for it; he would not take $500 now. But fifteen years ago was too early for an artist of ordinary talent to reap much profit in New York. Mr. James promised to send his friends, but the days went by and we saw no more of him. At last father took the remaining six or seven pictures to an auction-room. There was no money left, and they must be sold. But I will not tell you how the miserable days passed. They grew always worse, and my mother began to sew for others. I could help her some, but I know it must have been little.

"At last my father died, and left us alone. The days went by just the same, only there were no more pictures to cheer us up even for a moment, and the tears fell over the work. We used to sit for hours without speaking.

"A few times mother went to the post-office for a letter. My poor father had been too proud to ask any thing for himself; but when he knew he must die, he wrote to his brother and asked help for his wife and child. But it never came.

"I can not tell you of my mother's death. Children can not see death coming, and it stunned me. I sat all night beside her cold form calling her back. The next morning they took her away. In the evening another family moved in, and I was homeless with my great grief."

Annie had crept closer to her aunt, and her arms were around her in quiet sympathy now.

"For weeks I tried to get work to do, but what could a child of thirteen do? I never told my story. If I had I should have succeeded better, but I was too proud and too sensitive. I used to wander down to the river and look in, and wonder if it would be wrong to jump in. How I prayed to God to take me to my mother! Jean Valjean, when he left the galleys and found every door closed against him, felt as I felt. He went out into the stubble-field, and the very earth and sky seemed to shut him out. I was bitter against man and against God. Even the dogs were fed from their masters' tables, but I had not even the crumbs.

"Every day the weather was growing colder, and one November night—it was just such a night as to-night—I sat down upon the stone steps of a house in East Broadway. The street was almost deserted. Presently two young men turned the corner and came down past where I was sitting. It was not yet dark, and though I drew myself back into the corner they saw me.

"'See here, Jack, what bundle is this?' said one.

"'We haven't time to stop and see, that's certain,' said Jack.

"But they did stop.

"Jack grew impatient, so I shrunk away.

"'Come on,' he said to the other, 'we won't get around in time for the theatre.'

"'Go without me then to-night. You know I don't care much to go, any how. I've heard this play a dozen times.' Then in a whisper: 'There's something about this child that reminds me of the little sister who died. I can't leave her here.'

"Then he knelt down on the step and began to talk to me. He thought me younger than I was, for he talked as he might have done to a child of eight years—so kind—I looked into his face and wondered if my mother had sent an angel to help me. He was only a boy still, eighteen perhaps. He took me by the hand then, and led me up to the home for children. He left me there, and I saw no more of him."

"Have you never seen him since?"

"Yes. I heard him preach last Sunday morning. He is a missionary. I was not the only poor child he had taken there. But I have never seen him since except in the pulpit."

"How strange! I expected it was Uncle Henry," said Annie.

"You think it would have been more romantic. But I scarcely believe in the saying that 'Pity is akin to love.' Love is apter to grow out of respect."

"And were you well treated where he took you? And this is why you go there now whenever you come into the city, and why you give them so much money always."

"Yes; but I did not stay there long. Your grandfather and grandmother came in one day; and when they went back again they took me with them. It was some time after your mother's marriage, and they had spent lonely years since she had been gone. She was an only child.

"They did not adopt me—that is, I kept my own name, and my history was no secret; but you know they are very democratic in Western New York, and only my own sensitiveness made me feel my position painful. I grew to taking almost the position of a daughter to your grandparents, and when your mother used to come out to spend the summers she called me 'Little Sister,' and taught you to call me 'Aunt.' My lot was cast in pleasant places."

"But where did you meet Uncle Henry?"

"First one summer, when he was spending his vacation at his uncle's in the neighborhood. It was very strange that he should have been attracted to me. You know how aristocratic he is, and how proud of his family."

"But your family in England were still more so."

"Yes; but they never recognized me till after my uncle's death when the fortune came to me; and that, you know, was two years after my marriage."

"And this is why you love America so well, and always call yourself an American?"

"Have I not reason? I shudder when I remember that I might have been left a beggar in the streets of London. Nowhere but in America could I have become what I have."

"And Uncle Henry knew all this before he sought your acquaintance?"

"Yes."

"I shall like him better than ever, now."

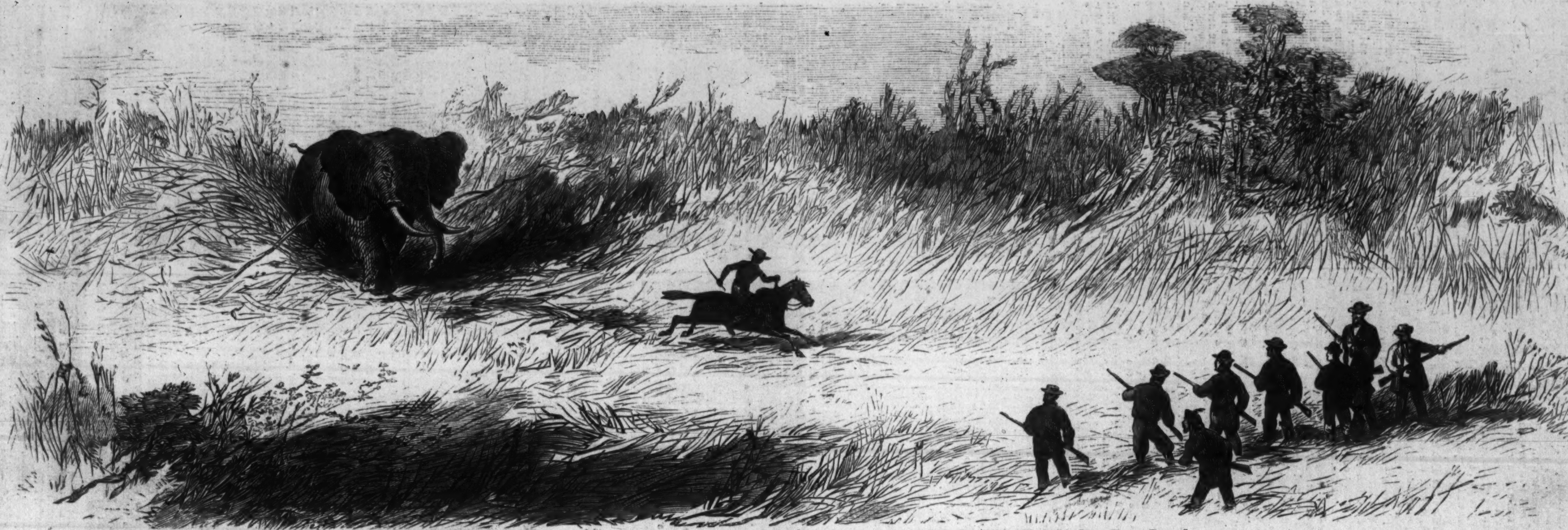
Ruth Averill lay awake long that night thinking over the past. But Annie did not try to sleep till she had written a kinder letter to South America than she had done for months before.

CHARLES LAMB'S LOVE OF OLD BOOKS.

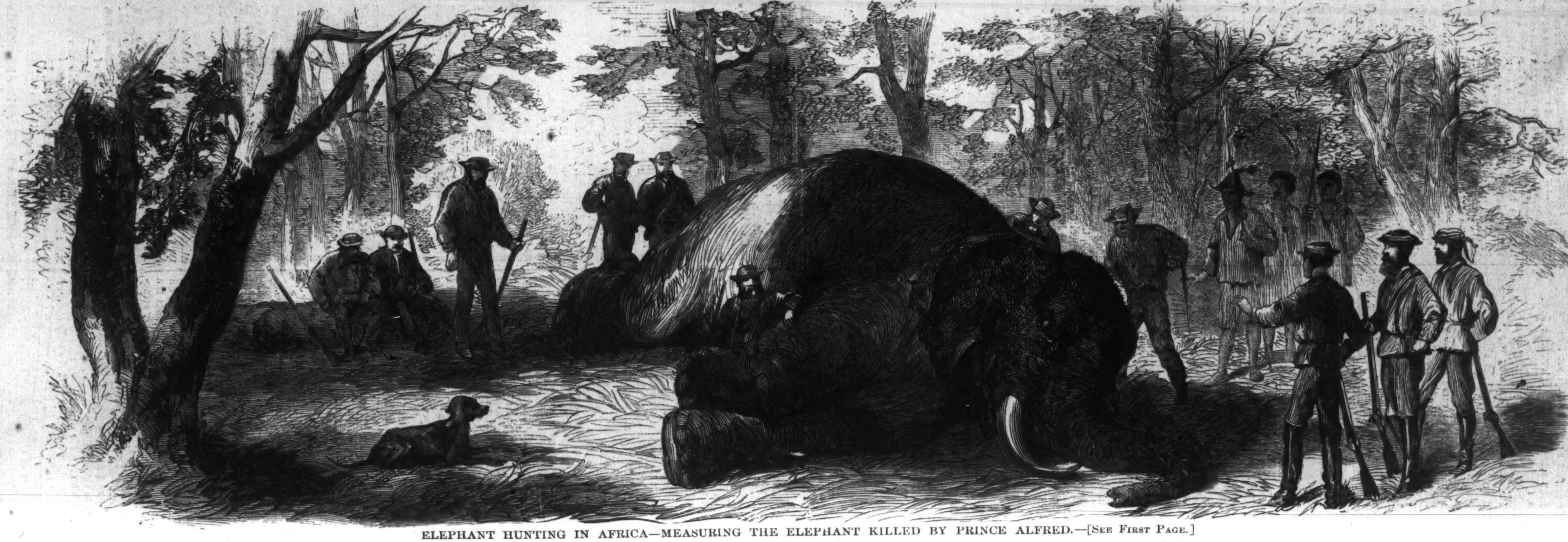
CHARLES LAMB is an author who never has, perhaps never will, occupy a very foremost place in English literature. His position in this respect seems analagous to the character of his own writings, which were gentle and retiring. He never forced himself on the public, but bided his own time, and waited for the tender inspiration which came upon him like a whispering zephyr. He himself loved to linger in the by-ways of literature. He went aside to tread upon unknown and long-forgotten paths. An old, black-lettered volume, an edition of the Elizabethan playwrights on soft brown paper, with thick yellowish type, his "ragged veterans," as he used to call them, had more attractions in his eyes than the freshest volume just issued from the press of Cottle or Longman. His horror of horrors was an old writer done up in modern binding. "I do not know a more heartless sight," he says, in one of his essays, "than the reprint of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy.'" While other writers may be compared to the more prominent flowers of the well-trimmed garden, Lamb was pre-eminently

"A primrose by the river's side."

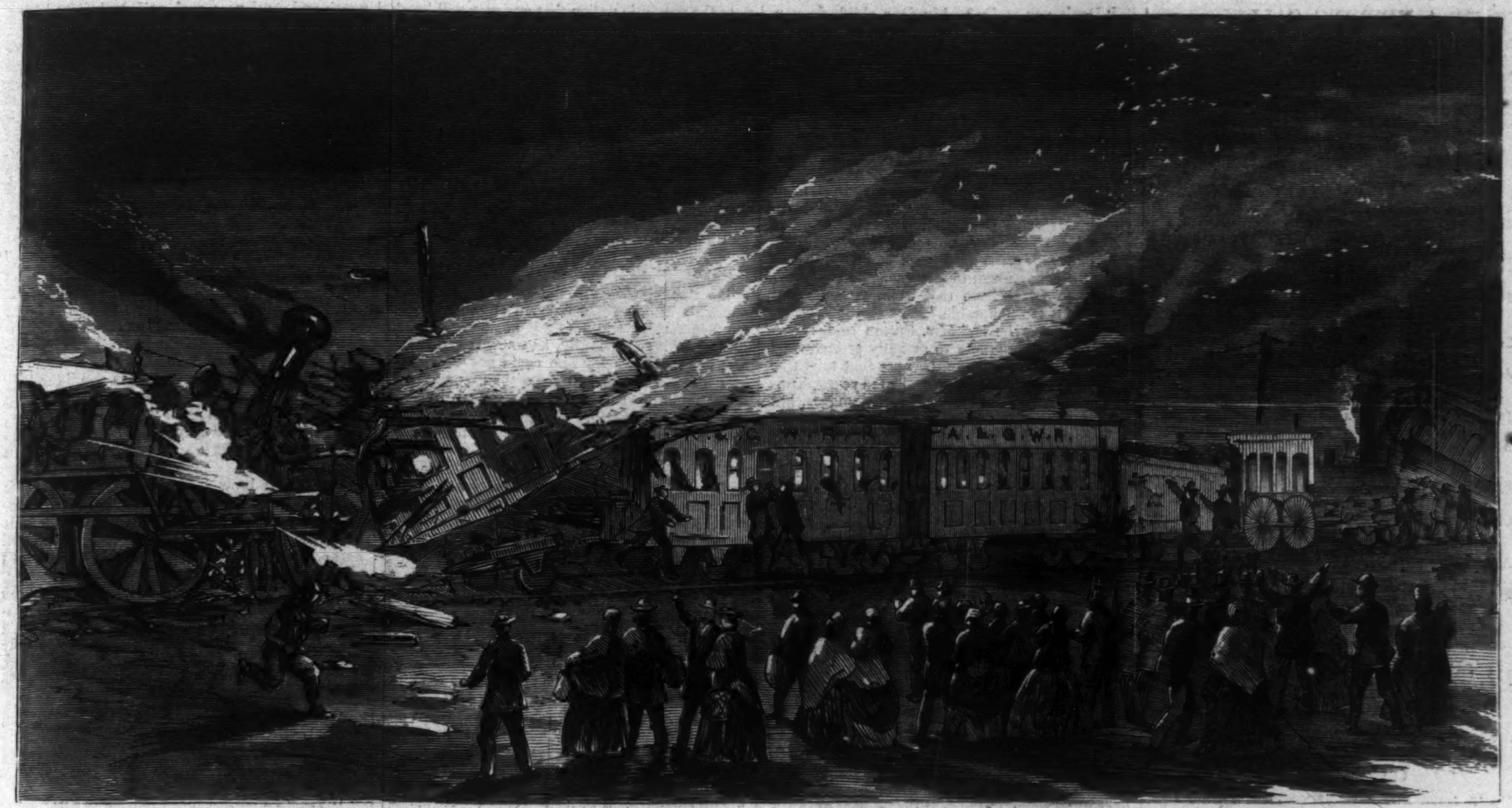
He shunned publicity, and only sought to be allowed in quietness and self-content to give forth from time to time the thoughts that welled up within him. "He had great liking," says Barry Cornwall, "for unpretending men, who would come and gossip with him in a friendly, companionable way, or who liked to talk about old authors or old books. . . . He loved old books and authors, indeed, beyond most other things. He used to say (with Shakspeare), 'The heavens themselves are old.'" The very circumstance of a volume having been cast away, perhaps thrown into the waste-basket of a book-stall, gave it an attraction in his eyes.



ELEPHANT HUNTING IN AFRICA—PRINCE ALFRED OF ENGLAND ENGAGING IN THE SPORT.—[See First Page.]



ELEPHANT HUNTING IN AFRICA—MEASURING THE ELEPHANT KILLED BY PRINCE ALFRED.—[See First Page.]



THE RAILROAD DISASTER IN OHIO—TERRIBLE COLLISION NEAR LOCKLAND.—[Sketched by Frank D. Skipp.]

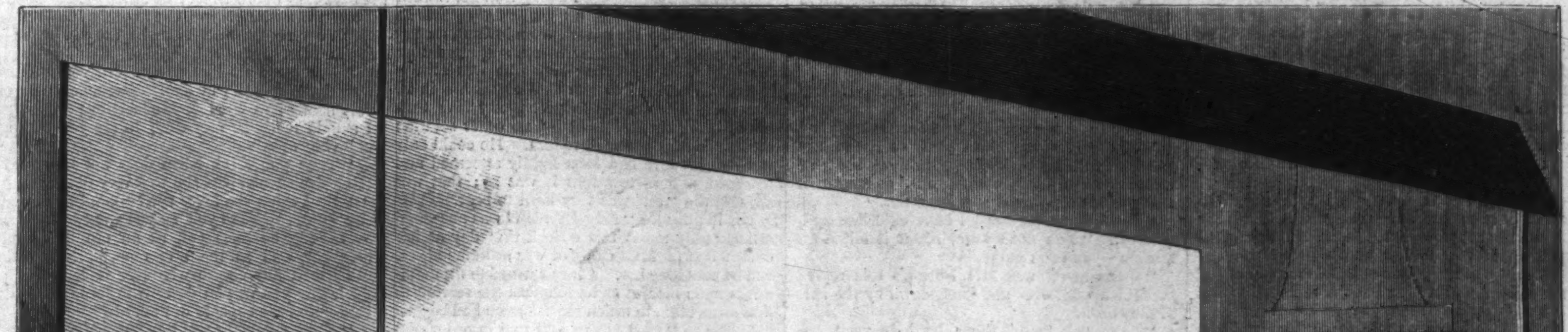
THE RAILROAD HORROR.

The full particulars of the late railroad disaster near Lockland, Ohio, which we illustrate on this page, are of the most painful character. The collision occurred about six o'clock on the morning of November 21. A freight train, becoming disabled, had to stop at a bridge near Lockland, and the New York Lightning Express train was halted immediately in its rear. Another way train was due at the same point a few minutes subsequently, and before it could be signaled it came dashing along, and ran into the Express train.

The rear-car, the sleeping coach of the train, was split almost in two. The smoke-pipe and front part of the engine were completely demolished, and the box of the tender lifted from its place and thrown forward. In the collision the kerosene reflecting head-light of the engine was broken, and the contents of the lamp were emptied on the floor of the sleeping-car, and ignited by the fire from the stove, which had been overturned. The flames spread with fearful rapidity, and soon the whole rear portion of the car, or rather what was left of it, was in flames. Some of the passengers, who were either dressed or in the act of dressing, escaped with only injuries; others, and among them four sisters—Sallie, Rachel, Hannah, and Mary Morgan—were asleep, or at least had not arisen. These four lost their lives. They had all occupied berths near the rear end of the car, and it is supposed that three of them were instantly killed by the concussion. The other, supposed to be Rachel, had the lower part of her body completely wedged in among the broken seats, and found it impossible to extricate herself. A young man named Jackson, from Boston, attempted to rescue her, but perished in the attempt, and both were burned alive.

When the fire had exhausted itself, the wreck was cleared away from the track and search for the dead was made. A headless trunk and a trunk that lacked limbs were found; and three others were found less mutilated. While the dressing of the wounded was in progress these ghastly remnants of humanity were picked out, all charred and blackened, and still smoking with heat, and carefully laid aside. So far as possible the parts were placed together. There were remnants of two bodies, however, that amounted to nothing more than several unrecognizable masses of broiled flesh and broken bones.

Our engraving, from a drawing made on the spot, represents the trains just after the collision.



CHARLES DICKENS AS HE APPEARS WHEN READING.—Sketched by C. A. Barry.—[See Page 782.]

A MORNING CALL.

THE last touch of all on my hat I bestow,
Then draw on my gloves, and, descending the stairs,
Pass through the dark hall to the street, all aglow,
To make a short call at my sweet Cousin Clare's.

Clare's an heiress and handsome—a blonde, by-the-way—
With pale golden hair where the sun's yellow beams
In the bright shining tresses seem always to play,
And eyes lit with mischief when not filled with dreams.

I reach the grand house where my cousin resides,
Ring the bell that so often I've pulled at before,
And Thomas, who answers with slow, solemn strides,
Leads the way up the stairs to my good aunt's boudoir.

The snug little room is complete in itself,
With its books and its pictures, its vases and flowers,
The bronzes that stand on the low mantle's shelf,
And the ormolu clock that ticks softly the hours.

Seated there is my aunt in a new morning-cap,
And Ma'mselle with the sunbeams all rife in her hair;
And beside her, with scissors and spool in her lap,
Is the dress-maker fashioning dresses for Clare.

In its wire gilded cage in the window's recess,
That looks on the street and its gay passing throng,
A canary, some theme striving hard to express,
Takes the ear, as by storm, with its shrill-throated song.

We talk of the opera, pictures, and books,
The last published novel, the latest French play;
Of our friends and their fortunes, their dress and their looks;
And in this sort of gossip the time flies away.

And so ends my call on my sweet Cousin Clare—
Just an hour by the clock—how much shorter it seems!
For my thoughts, like the sunbeams, got lost in her hair,
And drowned in the light of her eyes filled with dreams.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

"AND DOES NOT A MEET[illegible]G LIKE THIS MAKE AMEND[illegible]

WHEN Ellen Bowden returned to town with her uncle and aunt Sutton, after the Talbots' marriage, she found that Mr. John Wilmot had not regarded her wish as to his not wasting his time by waiting to see them. There was a note from him among the other letters on the hall table, telling her that she would see him as soon as he could possibly come to her after receiving her acknowledgment of the receipt of this missive, and that when he came to her he should come with the determination of knowing what she purposed to do with him, and with herself.

She took in the contents of the letter as she ran up stairs, and when she reached her own room she sat down and tried to think what answer she should give him. She could not trifle with him. Independent of her strong feeling that he would not suffer himself to be trifled with, was the equally strong one against doing it to such an old friend. She was very sure she could not trifle with him, but she was equally sure that she could not marry him. A vision of Arthur Eldale, and all the glories with which Arthur Eldale could surround her, rose up to prevent the possibility of her making such a *mésalliance*. But how should she tell John Wilmot this? That was the question.

"I will speak to Aunt Marian," she said to herself, at last; and then she got herself into her dressing-jacket, took her letter in her hand, and wended her way to her aunt's dressing-room. That lady was lying on a sofa, with a cup of tea in one hand and a long bill the items of which she was lazily overlooking in the other.

"I'm in a small trouble, Aunt Marian," the girl said, nervously, as she entered the room.

"And I'm in a big one," Mrs. Sutton replied, captiously. "Hortense does impose on me in the most glaring manner."

"Why do you go on dealing with her then?"

"Simply because I can't pay and have done with her, and she knows it. I have more than half made that woman's fortune, and now she is insolent to me; that is just the way with people—you load them with favors, and when you're down they turn upon you."

"But—'down!'—you're not 'down?'"

"No—oh be joyful! I'm not down in one sense," Mrs. Sutton said, rising up quickly and casting the long bill carelessly into an open drawer; "but that woman thinks I am, and acts upon her thought. Now tell me your small trouble."

"It is about John Wilmot." Ellen tried to speak very steadily, and failed.

"Well, what about him?" Marian asked, sharply.

"You may read his letter, if you like," Ellen replied; "there is nothing in it that you may not see, as you know so much already."

Then Mrs. Sutton read John Wilmot's letter, and as she read it a little satirical smile flashed out from her blue eyes and flitted over her mouth.

"I suppose you believe every word he writes or says, do you not?" she said, contemptuously, handing the letter back to the girl.

"Yes—I do."

"Then there is nothing for me to say." Mrs. Sutton shrugged her shoulders and sat down again.

"Oh! Aunt Marian, don't say that; I really want your advice; will you not give it to me, dear?"

"My advice would be quite thrown away upon you while you are in such a childish state of blind faith in a man. What would be the use of my telling you how you ought to act about John Wilmot when we think so differently about him?"

"I thought you liked him very much, Aunt Marian; and—I don't very much more than like him now."

"Don't you really? My dear child, do you really think I had not discovered that little fact long ago? But what is the use of it while you believe in him to the extent you do? I like him certainly, but I estimate him properly, which you do not."

"No one can more thoroughly appreciate John Wilmot than I do," Ellen said, seriously.

"There is such a thing as over-appreciation; now, of course, I can not say whether he has blinded you, or whether you are blinding yourself; but this I must say, you delude yourself about him if you think that much more than his vanity will be hurt when he finds out that your love has lapsed into only liking. Young men say a good deal more than they mean to many people."

"I can not believe that John Wilmot does that—he is too honorable."

"Of course he is," Mrs. Sutton said, sneeringly; "too honorable to actually proffer vows of love to more than one, because that might be actionable; and your unsophisticated young farmer is wise enough to steer clear of damages, but not too honorable to seek to make more than one in love with him, and not too honest to be mortified when he fails in doing so."

"But, Aunt Marian, he never has been a flirt; there was not a girl in our part, down there, who would not have been glad to get his attentions if she could."

"He told you so, I suppose? Poor silly child! From his own report you are of course justified in pronouncing him to be a most honorable moralist. The 'girls down there.' I can understand why temptation did not come to him in their guise."

"Don't make me doubt him."

"Why not? You are anxious to break with him; you don't wish to break his heart; and at the same time you cling with absurd tenacity to the belief that your breaking with him will make him very miserable: this is inconsistent."

"I don't like to think him dishonest because I am weak," Ellen said, dejectedly.

"'Dishonest!' that is a harsh term to apply to that amiable 'humbug,' which men bring to bear upon women whenever they find it answers. John Wilmot will console himself very quickly. Don't you doubt that, Ellie."

"I shall be very glad if he does console himself. I do not wish to doubt his doing so," Ellen said, with a slight trembling in her tone.

"No, you will not be any thing of the kind, my dear," Mrs. Sutton said, with an affectation of being very tolerant to the weakness she was detecting; "you will not be glad if he does console himself. I am a woman, and though I have not had to bear any thing of the sort myself, I know that you will be mortified; but you will be less mortified if you hear reason beforehand, than if you go on in blind faith believing all he suggests to you."

"Then what do you think I had better do?" Ellen asked, dejectedly.

"Do—oh! let me see; why write and tell him you have got his letter and will be happy to see him; be courteous, of course; but when he comes tell him what you want to tell him—you know best what that is."

"Aunt Marian! he will think so badly of me."

"For what?"

"For not going on with it and marrying him."

"Of course he will think badly of you for not going on with it; men always do think badly of women who do not 'go on with it,' as long as it is the men's pleasure it should go on."

"It will break his heart I believe," Ellen said, quickly. "You don't know about it all, Aunt Marian—you can't judge."

"Come here," was Mrs. Sutton's sole reply; and Ellen went over and knelt down by the side of the couch.

"Now look here," the elder lady went on, patting the younger one on the shoulder as she spoke; "what object can I have in speaking save to spare your feelings in this matter? tell me, do you think I can have any other?"

"None whatever, Aunt Marian."

"Well then, listen, and don't be a little goose. You hardly like to say it, but you think that John Wilmot is devoted to you, and you alone; that he could not care for another woman's love; and that no other woman can win his; that is what you think, plainly worded."

Ellen was silent.

"You need not speak," Mrs. Sutton went on, after a pause of a few moments; "you need not tell me whether I am wrong or right. I know without your telling me. Now I am not vain enough to fancy that John Wilmot is in love with me; but I tell you this, he has tried to make me in love with him."

"In love with him!—you!" poor Ellen stammered.

Mrs. Sutton nodded.

"With you—a married woman?"

"Not criminally so," Mrs. Sutton laughed lightly. "Your virtuously brought up birdie would shrink horror-stricken from that; but he is what men of his stamp call "taken with me" to the degree of wishing to make me feel a rather stronger than mere friendly interest in him."

"I can't believe he means it in the way you think he does, Aunt Marian," Ellen stammered.

"Naturally it is hard for you to believe that it is any thing more than a vicarious tribute to you," Mrs. Sutton said, laughing. "I am so likely to deceive myself about any thing of the sort: the liking of such a young man as John Wilmot would be such a dazzlingly flattering thing to me! My dear child, do not pin your faith on any man's constancy, or you will find yourself so egregiously mistaken."

"Where is safety then?" Ellen sighed.

"Where? in good settlements and the marriage service, certainly not in the selfish exactions of young men who would have girls waste their best days in waiting on the forlorn hope of marrying by-and-by. However, you must please yourself; only, for your own sake, don't cultivate the romantic notion that any man will break his heart about you. Now you had better leave me to dress: leave your note till after dinner."

Ellen did as she was bidden; and after dinner it was too late, Mrs. Sutton said, "to send a servant out with it." So John Wilmot did not get the answer he had asked for until the following day. It was a very slight and unsatisfactory answer when he did get it. It was even cooler than the last one to him which has been read in these pages:

> "DEAR JOHN,—I could not manage to write last night when I came home, as I had to dress for dinner. I shall be at home after luncheon to-day if you like to come.
>
> "In great haste, yours truly, ELLEN."

He stood looking at the letter for some few moments after he had finished reading it, with his face burning and his heart beating. He had waited for it so anxiously, and now it had come, and it was so cruel. She could not "write to him because she had to dress for dinner;" and she should be at home after luncheon "if he liked to come." The poor young fellow ground his teeth together as the truth came home to him that he should go to very little purpose.

He had not staid at a hotel all this time, but had gone into lodgings in one of a row of houses that stands in that new part of Kensington called "Albertopolis." They were neat, clean, new rooms that he occupied over a fruiterer's shop, but they were not cheerful. There was no more cheerfulness in them than there was in his heart, as he re-read Ellen's letter in the vain hope of finding something kinder in it than had been apparent on the first reading. But he did not find that which he sought, for the simple reason that it was not there to be found.

That morning appeared a very long one to him. He had not the habit of taking sufficient interest in the topics of the day to enable him to be absorbed in a newspaper. London hours and London haunts and occupations were so many sealed books to him. Therefore he could not go out and while away the time until the moment for keeping his appointment with Ellen came. He longed with a pained yearning longing for the quiet of his own home, and the comfortable occupation his own surroundings would have given him; for here he was quite alone—quite alone and very desolate.

It had been his hope for so many years that Ellen would be his wife. Now, when there seemed to be a prospect of that hope being dashed to pieces, a vision of what his life down in the old familiar place that had been so dear to him, flashed before him and nearly broke his heart. His whole life to be darkened because of the idle folly and vanity that had prompted her mother to send Ellen out of her proper sphere. It was too cruel, too hard to be borne, and yet he must bear it.

How he had deceived himself about Ellen! This change that had been wrought in her toward himself had been her own work entirely; this he never doubted. He never for an instant, during the whole of these bitter hours, suspected that the bright, sweet-looking lady who was always so warm and kind to him had any share in it. But though he did not suspect pretty Mrs. Sutton of being his secret enemy, no other solution of the difficulty occurred to him. He could only feel that his love had been lightly esteemed and wronged, and sorrow that it was so; that was all, and the "all" was very hard to bear.

His inquiry for "Miss Bowden" was answered satisfactorily about two o'clock that day at her uncle's door. Miss Bowden was at home alone, and he could see her. Clogs seemed to fix themselves upon his feet as he followed the servant to that same room in which Mark Sutton had begged his niece to "keep honest and true in order that he might not curse the atmosphere of his house."

His name was announced, and he was in the room with the door closed behind him before he saw that the lady advancing so gladly toward him was not Ellen but Mrs. Mark Sutton. Then he did not know whether to be sorry or glad that it was so, when that lady giving him her cordial hand and genial smile the while said:

"Not left town yet? How very good of you to stay to see us safely back!"

"Didn't Ellen tell you I was coming to-day?" he asked, bluntly; and Mrs. Sutton shook her untruthful little head and said:

"No indeed! did she know it?"

"Why of course she knew it, Mrs. Sutton," the poor boy broke out vehemently; "of course she knew it. I wrote to her begging to see her, and she sent me a note this morning saying she would see me after luncheon; isn't she at home?"

"Ellen is a very extraordinary girl," Mrs. Sutton said, solemnly, evading his direct question as to Ellen's being at home. "What I would have given to have inspired a true noble affection in the heart of a good man!"

"You!" he said, admiringly; for the lady before him was very touchingly appealing to the taste and heart of a man—she was so lovely, and so gentle, and (at this moment) so tenderly sad. "You! why, Mrs. Sutton, you have done it; you must have done it."

Mrs. Sutton put her little white jeweled hand up to her forehead, and pretended to push back her nut-brown hair, in utter weariness.

"I started in life thinking I must do so. I was young and happy, and had my dreams of joy for a time; but—well, it does not fall to every woman's lot to be really loved, I suppose; I have had an indulgent husband, who has left me to myself—very much to myself."

She sank her voice almost to a whisper as she said this; and John Wilmot pitied her profoundly as he saw her glance at her wedding-ring, and then turn her eyes away from it suddenly, as if the recollections it recalled were more than she could bear. Beauty, unappreciated, appeals strongly to the better feelings of most men who are not legally called upon to appreciate it; but worth and gentleness, such as John believed Mrs. Sutton to possess, appealed to him still more. He felt very sympathetic toward this fair fellow-sufferer, and he looked very sympathetic; and Mrs. Sutton read men's looks very readily.

"I suppose we all have our troubles," he muttered.

"Many people make their own troubles—I at at least can not reproach myself with that," Marian replied, virtuously; "mine have been made for me by others; however, I don't see why I need bore you about myself."

"I should never be bored with any thing you could say," he said, heartily.

"I do feel that we are very true real friends," the lady said, gratefully; "there is some comfort in that to both, I hope."

"Yes," John Wilmot said; but in his heart he felt conscious that there was very small comfort to him in Mrs. Sutton's friendship while Ellen staid away from him.

"I wish I had known you years ago," the lady went on, abstractedly, apparently forgetting that "years ago" John Wilmot was a very little boy, while she was a grown-up young lady; "if I had known you, I might have been a happier woman than I am."

His honest brow flushed to the roots of his hair as he took in the full force of the dangerously obvious allusions Marian had made. It staggered him; and yet "there could be no real harm in it, since good, sweet Mrs. Sutton had made it," he thought. Still, it was embarrassing. Married women who spoke the truth, and the whole truth, with respect to their domestic happiness or misery, had not come within his limited experience before. He wished more earnestly than ever that Ellen would come down; and Mrs. Sutton read his wishes, and took a faint pleasure in thwarting them.

"Girls are so weak and foolish," she went on, as if his visit there was made solely for the purpose of discussing the subject; "the exercise of a little moral courage would often save them a life of wretchedness—would it not?"

"Yes," he replied, not knowing at all at what she was driving.

"We get engaged," she said, softly and sadly, "and then, no matter whether or not we discover that we are not loved, or that we do not love, we think we must go on with it. If I could live my life over again, how differently I would act! if I had daughters, how cautious I would pray them to be!"

"But you wouldn't pray them to change their minds and break their promises for every idle new fancy they formed, would you?" he asked; and Mrs. Sutton tried not to blush guiltily as she replied:

"No; but I would not presume to decide as to whether any new fancy they formed was an idle one or not. A woman's instincts tell us when she can love on and be loved on for all time; she should obey her instincts; no other woman's opinion can avail her; am I not reasonable?"

"Very reasonable; but why do you say this to me, Mrs. Sutton?" he asked.

"Because I do like and regard you so very warmly," she said, in an irrepressible burst of very neatly portrayed genuine feeling; "because I should really be very sorry to see you with an unloving wife."

"Then you think Ellen does not love me?" His voice shook; but she was very pitiless.

"Do I think she loves you?—can I or any one else think she loves you, as you want to be loved by her? She likes you as an old friend and neighbor, and as the first man, probably, who discovered any charm whatever in her; but as for loving you as you deserve to be loved, Ellen Bowden is not capable of doing it."

"Why, I thought you liked her, Mrs. Sutton," he said, quickly. Mrs. Sutton might be wounding to heal; it was quite possible that she was being kind as well as brave; but this was certain, that she was "wounding" very deeply.

"So I do like her; she is a great, unformed country girl, not gifted with the grace to value the incomprehensible love you lavish upon her; but as for liking her as a wife for you, to tell you the simple truth, I do not."

"I don't suppose I shall ever get her to be my wife," he said, dejectedly; and then Mrs. Sutton held out her hand to him, and he had to get up and go over and take it.

"I will forgive you this folly," she was saying, and withdrawing her hand from his at the same moment, when the door opened, and Ellen Bowden came quickly into the room. She stopped at once, looked from one to the other with a mortified, suspicious look for one moment, and then said:

"Good-morning, Mr. Wilmot; a thousand pardons, Aunt Marian; but Madame Hortense is here, and she asked me to give you this." The girl threw a sealed letter down on the table as she spoke, then turned away and left the room in silence.

"Is she mad?" John Wilmot asked, angrily; and Mrs. Sutton shrugged her shoulders, and opened the note.

"Poor girl! she has been madly extravagant," Marian said, with a sigh, when she had finished the note. "I don't know what you would say if you saw this bill." The bill was her own, and for fifty pounds, but she did not intend that John Wilmot should see it. "How angry her mother will be," she went on; "and I can't pay it: poor child!"

"How much is it?" he asked.

"Fifty pounds."

"I will pay it, if you will promise never to let her know that I have done so," he said, with an agitated voice. "Let me; I am not quite such a poor country farmer as you think me; let me do that for her, at least."

"If she ever finds it out she will never forgive me," Mrs. Sutton said; "but I can not allow you—I will not allow you. What am I to do?"

"Do take it," he pleaded; "I will go back at once to my lodgings and draw a check, and I won't try to see her again. Thank you for all your kindness—bless you for it!"

Mrs. Sutton shook him heartily by the hand, begged him to write to her, and a minute afterward he was out in the street without having had that explanation with Ellen for which he had been pining. That night Madame Hortense was pacified, and Ellen was told by her aunt that "John Wilmot had accepted the situation her (Ellen's) coolness compelled him to take very quietly."

It was not a pleasant evening that which the aunt and niece spent alone together. Mark Sutton was absent on business with Edgar; Ellen had been stung, and made to smart very severely by Mrs. Sutton on the subject of John Wilmot's facility for falling in love with other people the day before, and this day she had, as she believed, received ocular demonstration. She did not know (and Marian would not tell her) that Marian's speech, "I will forgive you this folly," had reference to something else, not to his "folly" of having taken Mrs. Sutton's hand in his. "Mr. Wilmot entirely forgot that he came to see me, Aunt Marian," Ellen said, trying to laugh about her discomfiture, and Mrs. Sutton replied:

"You will be less scrupulous than you were last night about doing what you want to do; he is a very weak young man."

"He may be that," Ellen thought, "but what must Aunt Marian be to encourage him?" However, she did not word her thought. Still, it was not a pleasant evening, not one bit more pleasant than the one John Wilmot spent alone, endeavoring "to realize it all."

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN TROUBLED WATERS.

SMALL as Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Talbot's establishment was, it took them some time to get it into perfect working order. Bright and active minded as Blanche was, domestic arrangements outran her at times and became unmanageable. Indeed, it must be acknowledged that Lionel's dinner would have been more punctually served very often, if his wife had not entirely forgotten to order it until very late in the day. That dream of "working on steadily in happy unbroken quiet," in which she had indulged before her marriage, was quickly dispelled. The knowledge that Lionel was at work in a room near to her, and that if she pleased she could at any moment go in and be welcomed warmly and lovingly by him, was disturbing, though gratifying. It led her thoughts off from the people whom she was portraying, and steeped her in a dreamy, happy idleness that was not conducive to the successful doing of the real "work" there is in fiction writing.

Each night Mrs. Lionel Talbot made excellent resolutions, as to the way in which she would on the following day abstain from making unnecessary errands to her husband's studio, and each day she broke them. "Before, when I had nothing to look back upon, and nothing to look forward to, when I knew that the evening would bring me no relaxation, I could work on without wearying; and now that I am so happy, and that I know the close of the day will bring me your companionship, Lal, I do little besides draw faces on my blotting-paper and yawn, when I am not rushing in here to bore you," she would say to Lionel, by way of apology for sauntering in to see "how he was getting on." Then Lionel would put down his pallet and brush, and waste a good deal of time in reassuring her as to the impossibility of her ever "boring him," and so Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Talbot got into the habit of leading what some practical people without half their power of work termed "an idle, desultory life.

At last, when they had been married about three months, their privacy was broken in upon in a way that at first promised to make them very happy, and that afterward made them very miserable. Beatrix wrote to her brother from Mrs. Lyon's house at Haldon, and asked him "would he be surprised and sorry, or glad as she herself was, when she told him that Frank Bathurst had asked her to marry him?" Then she went on to ask if "Blanche would have her up with them for a little time? and if it was not all very delightful?"

It was very "delightful" to them all, especially when Trixy came up to-day with them, and Frank wrote to Lionel in the best brotherly vein. Mr. Bathurst's happy knack of ignoring that which is best ignored, was too well known to Blanche for her to have a single doubt as to the way in which he would meet her now that he was engaged to Beatrix. But it was not known to Beatrix, or if it was, she chose to forget it on the occasion of Frank's first coming out to see and be hearty to her brother and his wife. Beatrix was of that order of women who love wholly and devotedly, and (if they may) engrossingly. Her affection for Mr. Bathurst was the one feeling of her life. It was very terrible to her to know that, four months ago, he had been quite as ready to marry some one else as he now was to marry her. It was even more terrible to her to know that this "some one else" was her brother's wife, likely, according to all the laws of chance, to have frequent intercourse with them. She was fond of Blanche, and she thoroughly believed in the purity and probity of her predecessor in Frank's heart. But not the less did she chafe under the knowledge that Blanche had preceded her, and that Frank would neither be forgetful nor ashamed of the fact.

Down in the solitary lanes and wooded glades of Haldon, Trixy had, during the last three months, almost forgotten that Frank had not always been devoted to her as he now was. But the recollection returned in a little sharp spasm, when she saw his face kindling with joy at the sight of the cousin who would always be dear to him, though she would not be his love. In this Beatrix, who adored him, was more unjust than Blanche, who did not adore him; she overestimated his regard for her sister-in-law, and the extent of Blanche's influence over him. As both Mr. Bathurst and Blanche were unconscious of this, the elements of mischief and unhappiness were in their midst to a dangerous degree.

There was another element of unhappiness in their midst, too, that would soon, Blanche feared, make itself manifest in most cruel form—and this was poverty. They had married on hope and love, and the possible proceeds of their respective arts. Now, though love was still as active a power as ever, hope was fading a little in the woman's heart. So her work grew weaker, she fancied, because of that undefined disturbance in her mind which money difficulties are sure to create. Still, she kept her sorrows of doubt and fear to herself for a while, lest Lionel's artist power might lessen under what she felt to be ignoble pressure.

When the depressing conviction first struck her that she did not write with the physical energy and vigor of former days, and that consequently the mental energy and vigor which had marked her works was wanting, Beatrix had been with them a week. So in order that there might be no cloud over the glorious sun which was shining on the bride elect, Blanche suffered with smiles on her face, and seemed altogether gayer than Trixy had ever seen her (Blanche) before. At first this pleased the sister, who was willing to take it as a tribute to the happiness-conferring power of her brother; but after a while the effort which Blanche could not entirely conceal struck Trixy, and made her watchful for a reason for all not being so fair as it seemed.

She searched about and dwelt upon the subject until she found one that seemed all-sufficient to her. Blanche was not quite happy, that was evident; and yet she was so lately married, and Lionel loved her so well! Then the jealous suspicion arose, that Blanche could not be quite happy in the presence of Frank Bathurst, or of the woman he was going to marry. It made Miss Talbot very miserable, and she dared not lighten her misery by wording it.

In absolute unconsciousness of the dark error into which Trixy had fallen Blanche deepened that error at times by her manner. Out of the great desire she had to thoroughly understand her husband, in order that she might save him every sort of unnecessary annoyance, grew a habit of talking quietly about him to Frank, who had known her husband familiarly so long. This habit became one of sore annoyance to Beatrix; not that she wronged either Blanche or Frank to any greater extent than this—namely, that she believed Blanche to be mentally more congenial to Frank than she herself was.

This mind-jealousy is harder for some women to bear than a heart-jealousy would be. No vulgar dread of coarse unfaithfulness can implant such a sting in the breast as does the dread that the man who is loved may find a higher pleasure with another than with the woman who loves him. The coarse infidelity may be despised; the contempt it shows may be met with contempt; but the loftier feeling that is gratified by the loftier sympathy can not be despised and treated with contempt. Again, through all her dread of its being so, Beatrix had a strong feeling that it ought not to be so, that there was no good and sufficient reason why Frank should not to the full feel the "higher pleasure" in conversing with her that he had in conversing with Mrs. Lionel. When she came to think about it thoroughly, she could but discover herself to be possessed of certain mental qualities that were superior to those possessed by Blanche. In reality, the things she thought about most of the topics that were broached were more logical, and more sensible, and more capable of being defended by sound argument than Blanche's thoughts were. But Blanche had the knack of so wording hers without hesitation, that they made their mark. Consequently, Blanche always seemed to send forth her darts with a brilliant aim, because she cared little which special ring of the target that was the topic she struck; while Trixy was bent on hitting the gold, and the gold only.

But Mr. Bathurst never seemed to appreciate this wonderful grace (for a woman) of thinking before she spoke which Trixy had. His attention rather seemed to be riveted when Blanche's brilliant darts came flashing in. Then he would look up with an admiring earnestness, with a listening watchfulness that made Trixy sick with the sickness of a jealous dread that she scorned herself for feeling, and still could not kill. Still, through it all they were as friendly as sisters-in-law usually are; so Blanche had no idea of the vitality there was in the sort of bitterness which had been implanted long ago in Beatrix.

There had been a great question in the family as to whose house Beatrix should be married from. Mrs. Mark Sutton had come forward magnificently, with an offer of providing the breakfast, and of Mark to give the bride away. But this offer Beatrix had refused. "Her brother Edgar had been her first friend in her own family," she said; "he should give her away if he would, and she would stay with Lionel till she was married."

That time "till she was married" was a very sorry one with the Talbots. All Blanche's high spirit and good resolves were not sufficient to keep the little bark in which she had shipped afloat. Lionel, it was evident, had not the money-getting power; she did not wish him to have it at the sacrifice of one higher thought or feeling. But the want of it would soon leave them in a sore strait, and the wreck would be seen by all. "If we could only hold on till May his picture would be seen and bought, and then—" But it was hard, nay, almost impossible, to "hold on till May" on the small proceeds of a few magazine articles, which she would not even have him know she had written, because they were not worthy of the woman he had married.

It was a sorry time. She had to bear much from unconscious ones, "who wondered she did not sell her books to So-and-so, and get the same prices Mrs. So-and-so did for hers." Mrs. Mark Sutton came out as a tremendously strong private critic on the subject of her sister-in-law's books. "I assure you, I hear it remarked in society that, until you depict higher types, your books will be failures," she would say, with a great air of being grieved at the truth of her own remark. "People are sick of sensation; they do not mind it in real life, but they will not have it in fiction; what they want now are strong characters, and strong incidents strongly painted; not sensation."

"It is so easy to draw the line between 'strong incidents strongly painted,' and sensation, is it not?" Blanche said, quietly; and Mrs. Sutton shrugged her shoulders, and said:

"Not easy, but quite worth trying to do, I should imagine; I'm not speaking of you, of course, Blanche, but really the twaddle one has to get through in most of the books one gets from the library must be very easy writing. I wonder you do not attempt something like a plot."

"Plot is not my strong point." Blanche tried to speak good-temperedly.

"Is it not? I thought you had tried it in one or two books and not managed it quite properly; what do you consider your strong point?"

"My weak one, since even you haven't found it out," Blanche retorted, angrily; "I fancied I knew something of character."

"Ah!" Marian said, amiably—it always made her amiable when she had succeeded in irritating Blanche, "you want to see a great deal of society before you attempt to depict it."

"I spoke of character, not society; perhaps you don't know that there is very little of the first in the last."

"Your point of view at the Grange, for instance, was a bad one, you know," Mrs. Sutton went on, kindly; "you never get such a clear idea of any thing when you look up to it, as when you look down upon it."

"I got a very clear idea as to all the guests at the Grange," Blanche said, smiling; "perhaps you will accept that statement as strengthening to your argument."

"Good-by, Lal," Mrs. Sutton said, shortly after this, going into her brother's studio. "I ventured to make a remark to Blanche about her books, and I suppose it annoyed her, for she tells me she always looked down upon me when she met me at the Grange."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE is nothing perhaps that so quickly kindles a righteous wrath in every true and noble heart as the knowledge of brutal cruelty practiced toward the dependent and helpless. And when these helpless ones are *children*—poor children, it may be, or sick, or orphan children—a just indignation in the name of humanity demands that the guilty be punished and the suffering relieved. Some months ago an outraged community called for an investigation into the management of the Paterson Alms-house. It matters not in this connection whether *all* the accusations made were true or not; enough was proved to show that gratuitous inhumanity had embittered the lives of the unfortunates there.

And now there comes another cry—a sad cry of orphan children.

> "Do ye hear the children weeping,
>   Ere the sorrow comes with years?
> They look up with their sad and sunken faces,
>   And their looks are sad to see.
> 'Your old earth,' they say, 'is very dreary;
>   Our young feet,' they say, 'are very weak;
> Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
>   Our grave-rest is very far to seek.'"

Such lines as the above come to mind as we listen to the rumors which reach us from Pennsylvania in general, and Philadelphia in particular. We have no personal knowledge of the interior management of the Girard College for Orphan Children; but such fearful reports are abroad—of cruel punishment and tyranny, of barbarous neglect, of utter want of sympathy and care—that the public should demand an investigation for the sake of humanity, and the authorities of the College for their *own sake*, if these things are *not* true. It is said that for some time past there has been in Girard College a sort of moral mould and rust upon every thing, and all want of heart in the treatment of the orphans. As a natural result, hundreds ran away, and all grades of crime were committed. In six months one hundred and three pupils absconded, and in the three months following ninety-five more of them ran off. During the period of five months there were no less than 243 cases of flogging in the College; and ingenious methods of punishment, or, rather, torture, were invented, which filled the children with horror.

In this connection it may be suggestively mentioned that the provisions of this College, which was opened about twenty years ago, were so arranged by the founder, Stephen Girard, that no ecclesiastic, minister, or missionary of any sect, should be among its managers, nor be admitted to the premises even as a visitor; that pure *moral* instruction should be given to the children, but they should be left without any special religious guidance.

It is also rumored that the children in the State Orphan Asylum at Orangeville, Pennsylvania, are under the most despotic tyranny. While such cases of wholesale cruelty are before the public, individual instances of brutal flogging are of common occurrence. Not long ago a teacher in Hudson City inflicted three serious wounds upon the head of a boy of twelve, then four upon his hands, and finally attempted to choke him, and so far succeeded as to leave her finger-prints upon his neck. In Buffalo a school-teacher cudgeled a small boy with a broom-handle. But the most horrible instance recently took place in Woolwich, England. We are thankful it was no nearer. A little child, less than two years old, was beaten morning and evening by its step-father—until it died. Neighbors had heard the screams, and remonstrated in vain. But the fiend declared that he had "only beat" the child, and that it was "better off now, for it was an angel in heaven!" Again, with Mrs. Browning, we say:

> "And the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
>   Than the strong man in his wrath!"

A singular and fatal mistake was recently made by a Miss Vance of this city, which resulted in her death. Not feeling very well one evening she requested a friend to procure for her a bottle of tincture of rhubarb. The next morning a member of the household was startled by hearing Miss Vance cry, "Come quickly, I have swallowed cyanite of potassium by mistake for tincture of rhubarb!" It appears that she had on her bureau with the tincture of rhubarb a vial containing cyanite of potassium, which she used in removing ink stains from her clothing and fingers. Wishing to take a dose of the rhubarb she uncorked the vial containing that mixture, as she believed, but by mistake she opened the bottle of potassium and swallowed a quantity of the poison. The unfortunate lady expired in a few moments.

No doubt every man ought to consider his education incomplete until he has learned to swim. And it will be a happy time for the community when the "rights" of women are so far conceded and *enforced* that the art of swimming shall be deemed an essential part of *her* education also. Then we trust that casualties on the water, which have been so distressingly common during the past season, will seldom be fatal. Recently a grand swimming match took place at the Swimming Academy in this city. It was a novel and exciting entertainment and awakened much enthusiastic interest. Five prizes were offered; and the successful contestants were warmly applauded. Undoubtedly such exhibitions awaken a public interest which will tend to increase the number of swimmers. But the following statement, made in reference to the match indicates that careful and prudent arrangements should be insisted upon, or more harm than good may result: "Numbers of the men were exhausted before the race was over, and were pulled from the bath in a fainting condition."

An unhappy man, in great mental agitation, a short time since came into one of the sleeping cars on a Western railroad. He was asked the cause of his trouble; when it appeared that at Milwaukee he had been enticed into a gambling saloon and had fallen a victim to two sharpers, who left him penniless. He had borrowed money enough to defray his expenses to Buffalo, where his family resided, but was heard repeatedly to exclaim: "Oh! my poor family, what will become of them this winter? They will starve, they will starve!" In the middle of the night a crash of glass was heard, and the unfortunate man was found attempting to climb through the broken window. He was a raving maniac, and it was necessary to remove him from the car at the first station.

At a lecture recently delivered in this city by Mr. Gough, he expressed, in his own peculiar style, his feelings in regard to the class of "empty-headed, shallow-brained, hollow-hearted imitations of women who adorn society." On the other hand, he did not like "strong-minded" women; he seemed to prefer a happy medium. "I should not like," said he, "to see women running to fires, or training with the militia, or going up to the roof of a building with a hod of bricks, or climbing a pole, or reefing topsails, or holding office; although," he continued, "when we grow a little older we may be able to say that there was once a time when the Presidential chair might have been filled by any old woman, to the entire satisfaction of the people of the country."

A novel case of assault and battery has been brought up in a Philadelphia court. A young man was tried for casting reflections at a woman, by means of a looking-glass and an opera-glass. He was very improperly spending his Sunday morning on the roof of a house, armed with these offensive weapons, and was amusing himself by reflecting the rays of the sun in the faces of people passing along the street.

The plaintiff testified that upon looking out of her window she was suddenly dazzled by an intense light which deprived her of sight for several minutes. Soon after the same occurrence took place a second time. The judge, in making his charge to the jury, acknowledged the novelty of the point of law, but solved it upon the theory that all material things, no matter how ethereal, are substantial, and may be used for the purposes of assault and battery. Blows inflicted by light, heat, electricity, sound, vapor, and the like, are as actionable as those delivered by clubs, fists, or pistols. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff.

An exchange records, as one of the results of the "great Democratic victories," the fact that "immediately after the elections the mill-owners of Lewiston, Maine, reduced the wages of their work-people."

The Young Men's Christian Association in this city have received liberal donations to their "building fund." Lots have been purchased on the southwest corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, opposite the Academy of Design, and plans for the building are now preparing. They intend to have a large, cheery reception-room, which will also be used as a conversation and coffee room; a commodious reading-room: a large and well selected library; an attractive lecture-room, seating some fifteen hundred persons, where free popular lectures and concerts will be given; class-rooms for free evening instruction in all useful branches; rooms for social, religious, and devotional meetings; music-rooms; a good gymnasium, and every thing to make the building an attractive evening resort for young men.

A scene took place at the election in Dayton, Ohio, which was enough to make the blood of every humane, not to say patriotic, man, tingle in his veins. Seventy-five invalid soldiers, inmates of a soldier's home, were taken to the polls, and voted, as Union soldiers naturally would, the Republican ticket. They were all crippled and helpless; but the Democratic crowd was cowardly enough to insult them with coarse epithets, while some yelled: "Pity you hadn't lost both your arms!"—"Sorry that other leg was left!"—"Pity the rebels hadn't killed you!" He who will insult the helpless, especially those made so in their country's service, is unworthy the name of man.

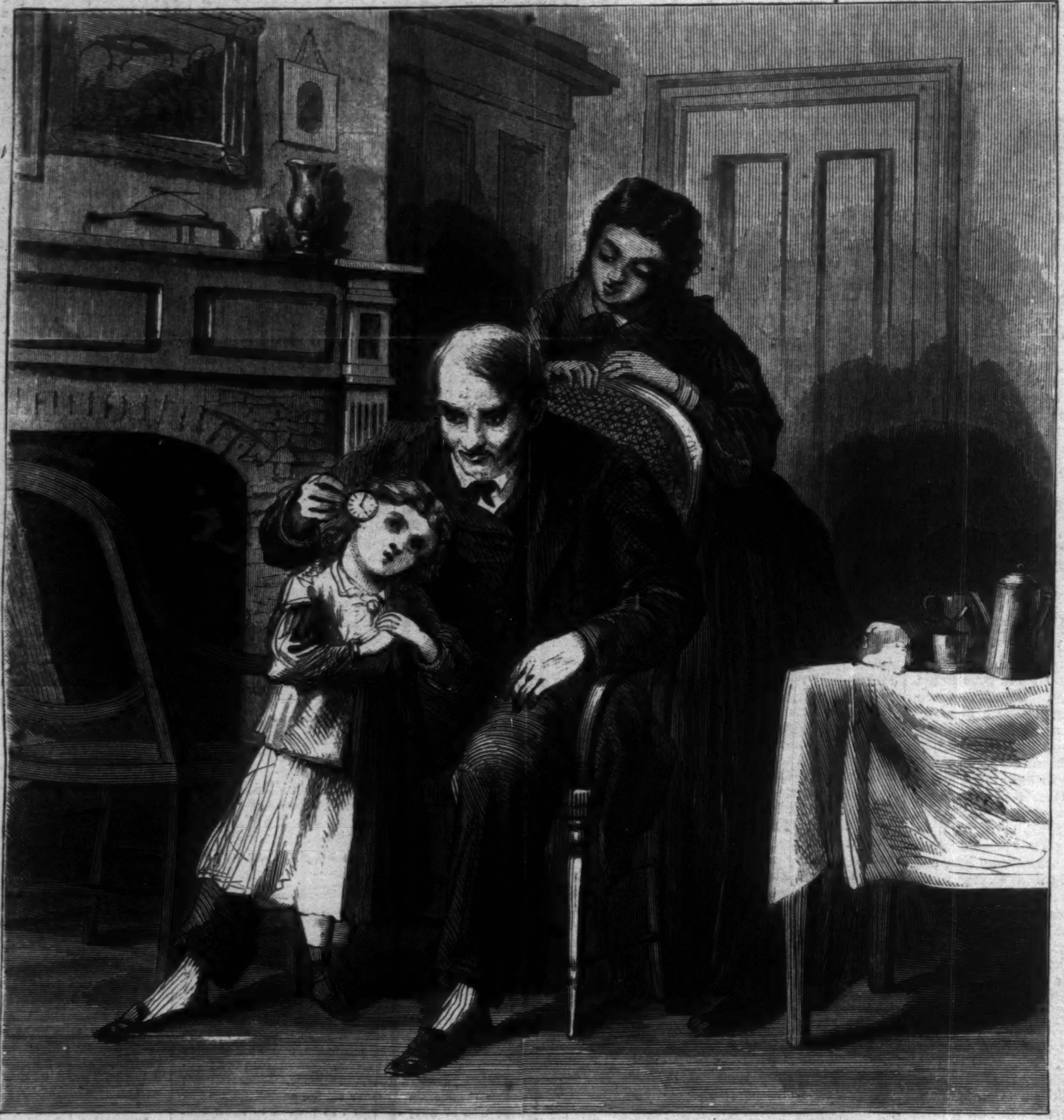
The story, in a recent *Weekly*, of the man in Massachusetts who took off his hat to bow to a lady, and let fall a parcel of eggs, which he had stowed away there, is now matched by one from the West, of a girl who lost the check for her trunk, while traveling on the railroad. The baggage-master agreed to give up her trunk notwithstanding, provided she would "prove property" by describing the contents. She gave an inventory. So many dresses, so many handkerchiefs, so many night-caps, so many pairs of stockings, a few bottles of herb sirup (in case of sickness), and, lastly, *three dozen and a half of fresh eggs in the till*. The trunk was opened, and, sure enough, the things were all there—*especially the eggs*. The whole trunk was a vast omelet. Dresses, stockings, night-caps, and bottles of sirup were beaten up among the broken eggs. The baggage was yielded without a word of opposition. The owner accepted it with a silent look of dismay, closed the lid, and ordered the trunk to be wheeled away.

GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

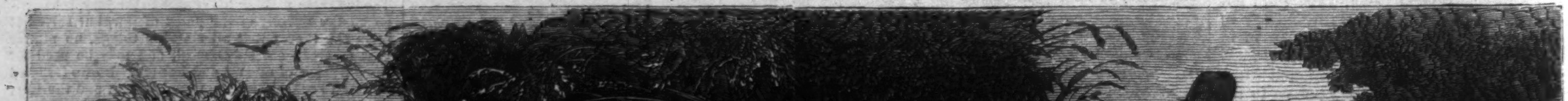
THE pleasing sketch entitled "Grandfather's Watch," which we publish on this page, will explain itself readily to the understanding of all ages, for it will go direct to the hearts of all people, young and old, and in all conditions and degrees of life. That pleasant mystery, "Grandfather's Watch," has been not only a joy of childhood but a delight of old age, ever since there were grandchildren and grandfathers and "Grandfathers' Watches;" and our picture and these remarks will be as appropriate a thousand years hence as to-day; for it is highly probable that those delightful, necessary, and useful articles, grandchildren, grandparents, and watches, will continue to exist until the "crack of doom." Every child who sees this picture will recognize it as a familiar scene; and every grown person will recall on seeing it some instance in which he played, in idle, generous mood, the part of the grandfather.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

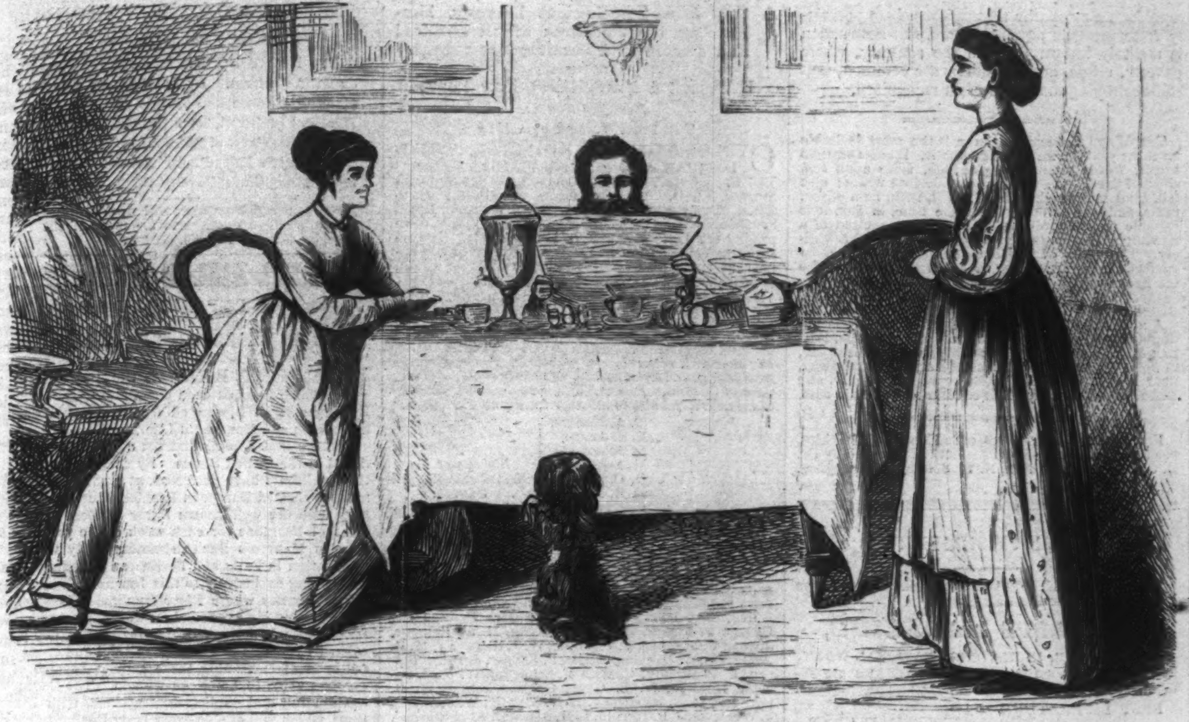
AMONG the noticeable pictures in the late Royal Academy Exhibition, London, was that of Mr. J. W. BOTTOMLEY, entitled "Forbidden Fruit," which we reproduce on this page. It is a pleasing and well-painted picture, but the English critics accorded it praise chiefly as a successful effort to represent animal life, and to introduce animal paintings among the landscapes of the Royal Academy with happy effect. The noticeable thing—indeed, it is not a little so—about this picture, unpretending, unforced, and natural as is its treatment, is that the painter has found some novelty of circumstance under which to introduce his sheep. The typical animal of the genus *ovis* is, we know, an essential figure in bucolic poetry; he is an indispensable accessory in all pastoral representation; very many emblems and parables in Holy Writ are derived from him, and his character and habits have enriched the language of every race in every age with countless epithets, adages, and proverbial comparisons. And yet artists are almost invariably content to represent him browsing or sleeping on his fat meadows or thinner mountain pastures, under the most tame, prosaic, unmeaning, uninventive conditions. In this amusing picture, however, it is not so. The spectator is supplied with material wherefrom, if in the mood, without much exercise of ingenuity, to "point a moral and adorn a tale." For, can we not read the humble, homely moral of the "hireling shepherd" who has omitted to fasten the gate of this inclosure where is gathered the harvest of the year; who is alike heedless of the pilfering of sheep and birds; who is absent with his more watchful dog, or asleep, guarded by that faithful creature? and is there not the old story of the habit of the silly sheep (so closely resembling that of the gregarious animal, man) to follow in flocks through any gap without knowing what is beyond, where one may lead to good or evil? If, however, this is the kind of immunity from control these sheep commonly enjoy, the taking advantage of their opportunities and stealing "the forbidden fruit" is by no means an illustration of their constitutional silliness, unless, perchance, it be that the occasional regimen of corn, accounting as it would do for their plump condition, brings them only nearer the butcher's knife.



"GRANDFATHER'S WATCH."

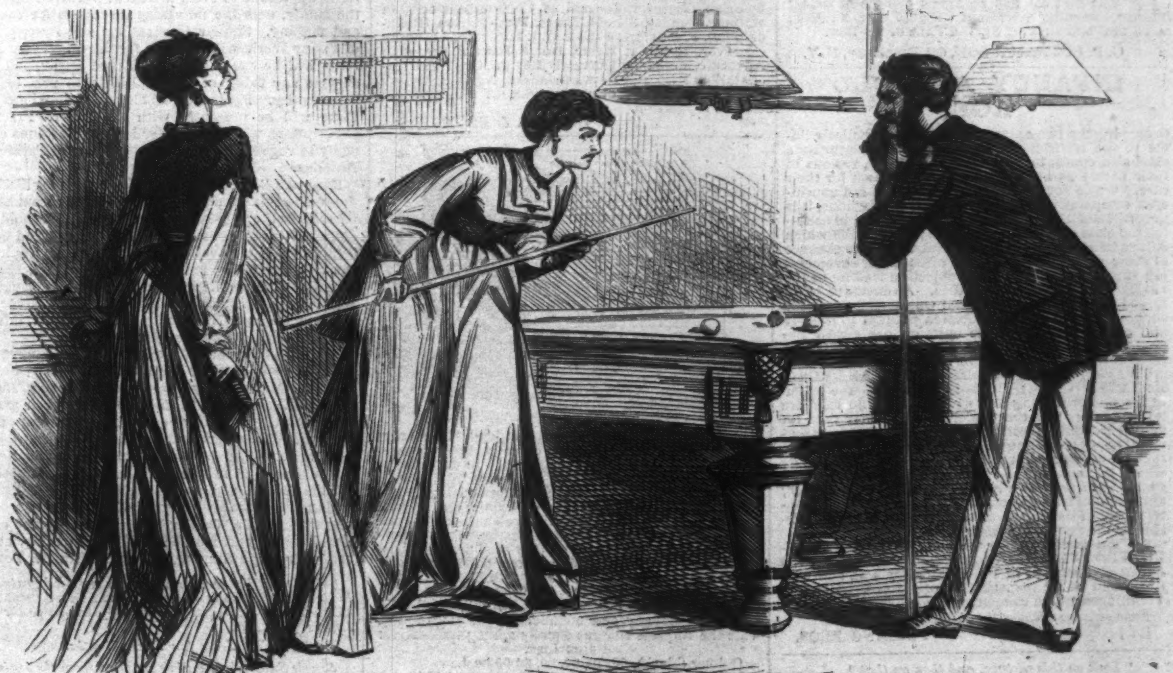


"FORBIDDEN FRUIT."—[FROM A PAINTING BY J. W. BOTTOMLEY.]



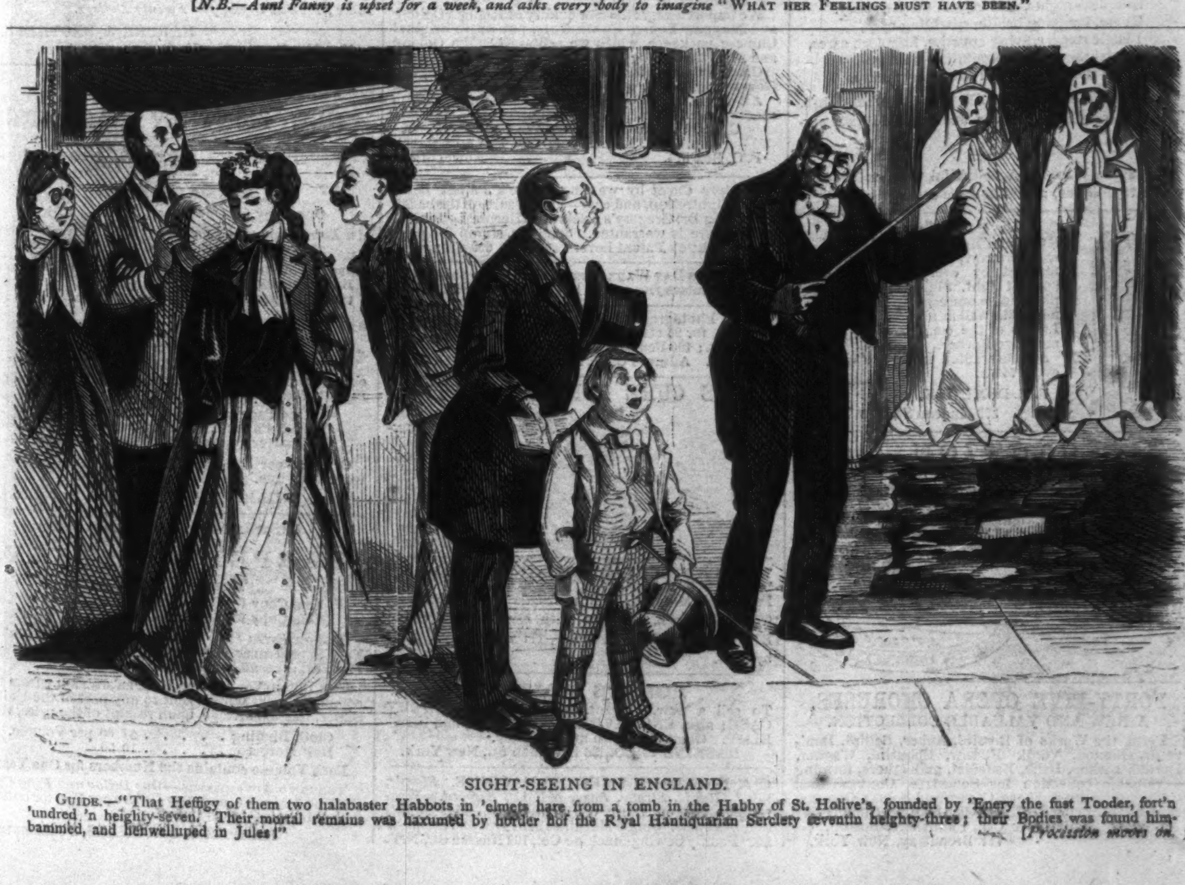
EGGS-CEEDINGLY CLEVER.

MISTRESS.—"Bridget, I told you to Boil the Eggs soft—and they're quite Hard!"
BRIDGET.—"Soft is it, Mem? Why I've been Bilin' 'em this hour, and the Water won't get 'em Soft anyhow!"



PERFECTLY DREADFUL.

FLORENCE.—"Oh! Kiss. Do Kiss!"
[*N.B.—Aunt Fanny is upset for a week, and asks every-body to imagine* "WHAT HER FEELINGS MUST HAVE BEEN."



SIGHT-SEEING IN ENGLAND.

GUIDE.—"That Heffigy of them two halabaster Habbots in 'elmets hare from a tomb in the Habby of St. Holive's, founded by 'Enery the fust Tooder, fort'n 'undred 'n heighty-seven. Their mortal remains was haxumed by horder hof the R'yal Hantiquarian Serciety seventin heighty-three; their Bodies was found himbammed, and henwelluped in Jules!" [*Procession moves on.*

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHAT WEAPON GIVES THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL?—The Butcher's Bill.

SUBSTITUTE FOR A CARD TABLE—A Deal Board.

MORE NEW NOVELS.

Never Flirt: a sentimental novel, written by the author of *Hever Court.*

Goeth down like an Oyster: a meditative novel, by the author of *Cometh up as a Flower.*

Six Penn'orth of Ha'pence: a realistic novel, being a Sequel to *Half a Million of Money.*

He who Breaks, Pays: a domestic novel, written by the author of *Other People's Windows.*

Less than a Lucifer: a sensation novel, written as a Sequel to *More than a Match.*

ANIMALS MOST SUBJECT TO BRAYIN' DISORDERS—Donkeys.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S LAMENT.

I thought all women good and true;
But now I've learned a thing or two,
And can't restrain my passion.
From sad experience of the rage
For humbug, in this present age,
When "shams" are all the fashion!

For oh! what innocence was mine,
When Mary Jane appeared divine,
With those fictitious dimples!
How little did I dream that art
The bloom of roses could impart
To what I know is—pimples!

With falt'ring voice and accents low,
I swore eternal love; but, oh!
In time I came to search her,
And found that all my hopes and fears
Had fallen on adhesive ears—
Of colored gutta-percha!

O Woman! Woman! Man must know
How false you are from top to toe!
In vain you take a pleasure
In what may please the fashion's eye—
Forms rounded by a purchased lie,
A falsehood made to measure!

O Woman! If, as we are told,
Girls nowadays are bought and sold
Without of shame a particle
If marriage is reduced to be
A mercantile expediency—
One ought to get the Article!

But what have I to cheer my life?
A silly, manufactured wife,
All sorts of folly made for!
I've cracked my nut, but—sad to tell—
I find it but an empty shell,
And that I haven't paid for!

RULES ON HEALTH.

Never hang yourself out of an open window when you go to bed at night.

In cold weather always wear thick, warm clothing about your body. If you haven't money enough to buy it, attend an extinguishable conflagration in the vicinity of a first-class clothing shop.

If you are quite a small baby be careful that there are no pins in your clothes, and always take a drink of milk-punch out of a bottle with a gum thing on the nozzle before you get into your cradle.

In eating raw oysters always peel the shells off before swallowing. The shells are indigestible and apt to lie on the stomach.

Abstain entirely from alcoholic drinks. The best way to do this is not to drink any alcohol.

Never travel on the railroad trains. Many persons have died quite unexpectedly by this imprudence.

Always come in when it rains; and if a rattlesnake bites you in the leg cut it off, unless you wear false calves or a wooden leg. In that case just untie and take it off.

I don't say that those who follow these instructions will never die and let their friends enjoy a ride to the cemetery, but they won't get choked off in the bloom of their youth and beauty.

MODEL FOR "PREMIUMS TO SUBSCRIBERS."

Subscribers for one copy of the —— will be presented with a box of Patent Petroleum Paste Blacking. This is a superior article. It blacks boots or stoves, and may be used as a hair dye.

Subscribers for two copies will receive a box of sardines.

Subscribers for five copies will be presented with a pair of iron-clad spectacles, with glass eyes, warranted to suit one age as well as another.

Subscribers for ten copies will be entitled to a patent adjustable bootjack, which can also be used as a cork-screw, a coffee-mill, or inkstand.

Subscribers for twenty-five copies will receive a marble bureau with a mahogany top.

Subscribers for fifty copies will receive a seven-octave sewing-machine with the Agraff attachment.

Subscribers for seventy-five copies will receive a basswood parlor suit of furniture.

Subscribers for one hundred copies will receive a burial plot with an order for tombstones delivered when required.

Subscribers for five hundred copies will receive a nomination for Congress.

Subscribers for a thousand copies will be presented with a farm in New Jersey fenced and mortgaged.

FASHION ON THE BRAIN.

It seems to me the women now
Dress up most awful queer,
In narrow skirts and little hoops—
How funny they appear!
Their hair they riz in fancy shapes,
I've laughed, and laughed again,
To see how queer the women look
With chignon on the brain.

Last night I met a little miss
Rigged up in wondrous style,
She had a little bonnet on
That really made me smile,
'Twas smaller than a cabbage-leaf
Dried up for want of rain;
How very queer the women look
With bonnets on the brain!

They say they wear their dresses short
To show their pretty feet,
But if their shoes are No. 7's,
Extremes will never meet;
And when they wear their dresses long,
And dragging in a train,
I always think of bean-poles with
Gored dresses on the brain.

Oh well, this is a curious world,
False teeth, false calves, and oh!
They speak of palpitators, but
The truth I do not know;
But let them wear whate'er they will,
Remonstrance is in vain,
And they are really charming with
The fashion on the brain.

A CLINCHER.

DOCTOR (*to Tailor, petulantly*). No, Sir: I will *not* have it. I'll return it on your hands.

TAILOR (*meekly*). Ah! Doctor, you ought to be a happy man.

DOCTOR. Why?

TAILOR. Because you never have any of your bad work thrown on your hands.

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CHARLES DICKENS READING.

THE second advent of Mr. DICKENS in this country has been accompanied by even greater demonstrations of delight and affection on the part of his American admirers than greeted him on his first arrival; and it appears to us to be more genuine as well as more general. The desire to hear his readings is manifested among all classes; and nearly ten thousand tickets were sold for the short course of readings in Boston. In this connection we illustrate on page 777 the appearance which Mr. DICKENS presents when reading, the faithfulness of which we hope our readers throughout the length and breadth of the land will have an opportunity of testing before Mr. DICKENS sails for home again.

STORMS AND STORM-SIGNALS.

THE late terrible tornadoes in the West Indies, by which Tortola, St. Domingo, and Porto Rico were devastated, and the entire shipping in the harbor of St. Thomas destroyed, have drawn attention to the lately-projected storm-telegraph, which it was proposed to establish along our coast, and by which the various sea-port towns might be warned of approaching storms. In the mean time, while this project is under consideration, would it not be well for harbor-masters as well as navigators to study the laws of storms? When Professor Espy some years ago called attention to the laws of wind and weather he was ridiculed instead of thanked for his devotion to a department of science which is now cultivated with considerable zeal. Mr. Tebbut has recently written learnedly on Australian storms in his "Philosophical Transactions." It is admitted by careful scientific observers that very accurate knowledge has been gathered of the highest importance to navigators. Many noble ships, freighted with treasure and human beings without number, have been lost at sea for the want of a well-grounded knowledge of the law of storms. Old seamen become pretty accurately weather-wise by watching the winds; but of the mere elements of scientific information on the formation and origin of storms, their rate of movement, direction, and character in different quarters of the globe, they know too little. Hereafter these established laws should be studied with the same degree of care that is bestowed on all other branches of science essential to the preservation of human life.

PLANTS AND ANIMALS OF INDIA.

ACCORDING to the investigations of Dr. A. S. Adams, as explained in a recent publication called "Wanderings of a Naturalist," the plants and animals of India are not essentially different from those of Europe, the Himalayas, or Cashmere. He states that he saw British birds there, such as the lark, house-martin, and bracken. He also found in Afghanistan raspberries, blackberries, field-clover, and white daisies. On the northern frontier of the Punjab jackdaws, choughs, and rooks were seen, even in winter. Ring-doves, chimney swallows, cranes, sparrows, owls, and a vast variety of common birds known in England and on the Continent, seem to migrate to India and punctually return annually. Some plants, however, although apparently the same in external appearance, have different habits. For example, the primroses are not yellow when they peep up through the snow, but pink and purple.

SACRED CROCODILES.

THERE is a crocodile-pond near Kerrachee, India, which is alive with monstrous specimens of that reptile, carefully protected by the people under Fakir guidance, who worship one monster known as the "King of the Crocodiles." Its age is believed to be upward of two hundred years. A young Beloshee was empowered to feed and *show* the crocodile family. They are supplied so abundantly with food that neither men nor animals are attacked by them, even when wading in the water. It is customary for strangers who visit the abode of the sacred reptiles to purchase a sheep, which, being cut into bits, is thrown into the water, when a mighty splashing and foaming of the surface follows, as the army of sluggish, aquatic inhabitants contend for the pieces. Thus protected and nourished the crocodile attains an immense size, but its natural ferocity is very much subdued.

SUICIDES.

AN extraordinary document for the study of the scientifically learned has emanated from the office of the Registrar-General in England. From 1858 to 1865 the annual average of suicides in that country was 1300 to every million of the population. Hanging has usually been the mode of self-destruction, as it has been ascertained that 28 of the ratio of 67 per million die by the cord. Next drowning, self-poisoning, and fire-arms are resorted to. In France the ratio of suicides per million of the population was 110; in England, 64; in Belgium, 45; in Italy, 30; and in Spain, 15—in the year 1864.

Suicide in the United States is not unfrequent; but no reliable statistics have been gathered to show how extensively it prevails, or in which of the States or cities the largest number annually occur. It may be assumed, however, that they bear a certain ratio to the population as in Europe. Where the population is dense there the difficulties and strife of life are greatest. Disappointments weaken the moral forces, and a suicidal tendency is really a disease. Where a community is prompt to assist the unfortunate, and manifests a sympathy that relieves them promptly from pressing physical wants, self-destruction is scarcely known, but on the contrary, where poverty, crime, and selfishness are common, that self-destroying malady is often recognized.

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INFANCY AND OLD AGE,

Occupying the two extremes of life, are peculiarly liable to the recurrence of disease. The intermediate class also comes in for a full share of ills, various in their nature as are the modes of treatment for their cure. While some periods of human life are considered comparatively safe from certain affections, it is nevertheless true that serious mistakes occur in selecting the class of affections, and the period of life which enjoys immunity from their attacks. In consequence of these mistakes, individuals often suffer severely—the supposed freedom from subjection leading to the neglect of appropriate remedies. An instance is afforded in the case of intestinal worms—many people supposing them to be an affection peculiar to infancy and childhood. But these opinions are clearly opposed to general experience, as each variety of the intestinal worm is met with in all periods of life. The great American Worm Specific—DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE—is adapted to the relief of persons occupying any stage in life. So mild are its properties that the tenderest infant may take it; and so certainly efficacious is it in action, and so thoroughly does it seek out the offending cause of disease, that the mature adult finds in it the *infallible remedy* which its thousands of friends claim for it. *It is a family medicine, and a remedy for each member thereof;* and years of trial but confirm the exalted opinion entertained of its virtues, as well by the medical profession as the people in general.

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FOR INVALID SOLDIERS,
UNDER A SPECIAL CHARTER FROM THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, PASSED MARCH 6, 1867.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The object of this Association is to provide, by public exertion, a NATIONAL HOME for our disabled Soldiers, to erect an asylum for those who, in their patriotism have served their Country at the expense of their health and happiness; who, in the battle for the Nation's life were maimed, and are now incapable of working for their own maintenance. France has her Hotel Des Invalides where rest the ashes of the great Napoleon; England her Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, the former being one of the finest architectural structures ever devoted to charity. Russia, Prussia, and in fact, nearly all European Countries have magnificent retreats for the unfortunate Soldiers. Monarchies provide for the alleviation of the suffering caused by war, but free, prosperous, REPUBLICAN America has no place for her crippled and sick Soldiers but the county poor-house, or the sidewalks of her crowded cities. These noble patriots left happy homes to save our common country in the hour of her deep distress. We pledged to them our lasting gratitude, and now those who are dependent look to us in their utter need to redeem those pledges. They have performed their part—we enjoy the result of their sacrifices: we must not be recreant to our obligations. Let us each devote but a single dollar to this purpose, and the Gettysburg Asylum will afford the Soldiers a Home, and our Country will be honored by the noble Institution.

THE LAND HAS BEEN PURCHASED

By this Association, and Ten Thousand Dollars have already been paid toward the preservation of the Battle-Ground; about thirty acres (adjoining the site of General Meade's Headquarters) have been set apart for the uses of the Asylum.

EXTRACT FROM THE ACT OF INCORPORATION.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That Major-General GEORGE G. MEADE, Gen. Galusha Pennypacker, Gen. Horatio G. Sickel, General James A. Beaver, and George B. Bergen, or any three of them, and their associates and successors, be and they are hereby created a body politic and corporate, under the name, style, and title of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers, and by that name shall be able and capable in law to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, and to do all such other things as are incident to a corporation; *may acquire, hold,* and *dispose* of any *property of value* and *interest,* from *association* with the *late war,* or any *moneys, effects, property,* or *estate, real* or *personal,* whatever, either in this State or elsewhere, and hold public fairs, for the purpose hereinafter mentioned, at such time or times, upon such terms, and in *such way* and *manner whatsoever,* as to them shall seem fit, *any laws* of this Commonwealth to the contrary notwithstanding.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE.

Whereas, the Supervisors of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers have made due application to John H. Diehl, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second Collection District of the State of Pennsylvania, for permission to hold a Gift Festival, and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of said Gift Festival will be devoted to charitable uses;

Permission is hereby granted to the said Supervisors to hold such Gift Festival, exempt from all charge, whether from special tax or other duty in respect to said Gift Festival. E. A. ROLLINS *Commissioner.*

LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, *October 28th*, 1867.

Having labored for three years to erect a Home for our Crippled Veterans, and having passed a bill for that purpose in the New York Legislature incorporating some one hundred of our best citizens as directors—but under which bill no action has been had, from that time to this—and knowing the great and crying necessity of the case, the shame of leaving our disabled veterans to starve or beg, I hereby most cordially endorse your enterprise, and it shall have all the aid of my tongue, pen, and influence.

Very truly yours, CHAS. G. HALPINE.

Fully sympathizing with your great object, I tender you, gratuitously, the services of my Full Orchestra on the occasion of your Festival at Irving Hall. THEODORE THOMAS.

From the Postmaster General of the United States.

I recommend to all Postmasters that they shall aid this truly benevolent and patriotic enterprise.

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19.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch and Ear-rings	4,000
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21.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
22.	1 Diamond Single Stone Scarf Pin	4,000
23.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
24.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
25.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	3,500
26.	1 Diamond Emerald Cluster Brooch	3,500
27.	1 Pearl Necklace	3,500
28.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings	3,500
29.	1 Diamond Cross	3,000
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31.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
32.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings	3,000
33.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
34.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
35.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Studs	3,000
36.	1 Diamond Brooch (in Silver)	3,000
37.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	3,000
38.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
39.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
40.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	2,500
41.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	2,500
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49.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	2,000
50.	1 Diamond Cluster Stem Pin	1,500
51.	1 Single Stone Diamond Ring	1,500
52.	1 Diamond Cross	1,500
53.	1 Pair Diamond Cluster Ear-Rings	1,500
54.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	$1,500
55.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	1,500
56.	1 Diamond Bracelet	1,500
57.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	1,500
58.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	1,500
59.	1 Camel's Hair Shawl	1,500
60.	1 Choice Emerald Stud	1,500
61.	1 Single Stone Ring	1,500
62.	1 Single Stone Pin	1,500
63.	1 Cluster Brooch	1,500
64.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	1,500
65.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-Rings	800
66.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	800
67.	1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring	800
68.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet, Ear-Rings, and Pin	800
69.	1 Camel's Hair Shawl	800
70.	1 Diamond and Ruby Three Stone Ring	800
71.	1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring	800
72.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	800
73.	1 Pair Diamond Cluster Studs	600
74.	1 Gent's Gold Watch and Heavy Chain	600
75.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring, Star setting	500
76.	1 Diamond Garnet Cluster Ring	500
77.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	500
78.	1 Emerald Knob	500
79.	1 Pair Diamond and Ruby Ear-Rings	500
80.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	400
81.	1 Diamond and Emerald Stem Pin	400
82.	1 Ladies' Diamond Set Watch	400
83.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	350
84.	1 Gold Watch	300
85.	1 Diamond and Opal Ring	250
86.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	150
87.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	150
88.	1 Diamond Three Stone Ring	150
89.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	150
90.	1 Pearl Scarf Pin	150
91.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	150
92.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	150
93.	1 Gent's Diamond and Amethyst Ring	150
94.	1 Diamond Cluster Pin	100
95.	1 Cameo & Pearl Brooch and Ear-Rings	100
96.	1 Cameo Brooch	100
97.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	100
98.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	100
99.	1 Ladies' Gold Watch	100
100.	1 Coral Brooch and Ear-Rings	100
101.	1 Pair Garnet Sleeve Buttons	100
102.	1 Gold and Pearl Scarf Pin	50
103.	1 Emerald Scarf Pin	50
104.	1 Emerald Scarf Pin	50
105—1104.	1000 Copies of the splendidly illustrated Presentation Work entitled the "Tribute-Book," at $20 each	20,000
1105—2104.	1000 Photograph Albums, at $5	5,000
	Also 120,000 Cash Presents, $1 each	120,000
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Orders may be sent to us in registered letters or post-office orders, in sums from $1 to $25 at our risk. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following Club Rates:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50
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20 " "	17 50
40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
50 " "	43 50
100 " "	85 00

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FINEST NEW CROP TEAS
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ENGLISH BREAKFAST 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ ℔.
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YOUNG HYSON (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ ℔.
UNCOLORED JAPAN 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ ℔.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ ℔.

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We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations.* We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

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PREPARED COCOA,
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Leaf, Flower and Fruit of the Cocoa with a pod opened.

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